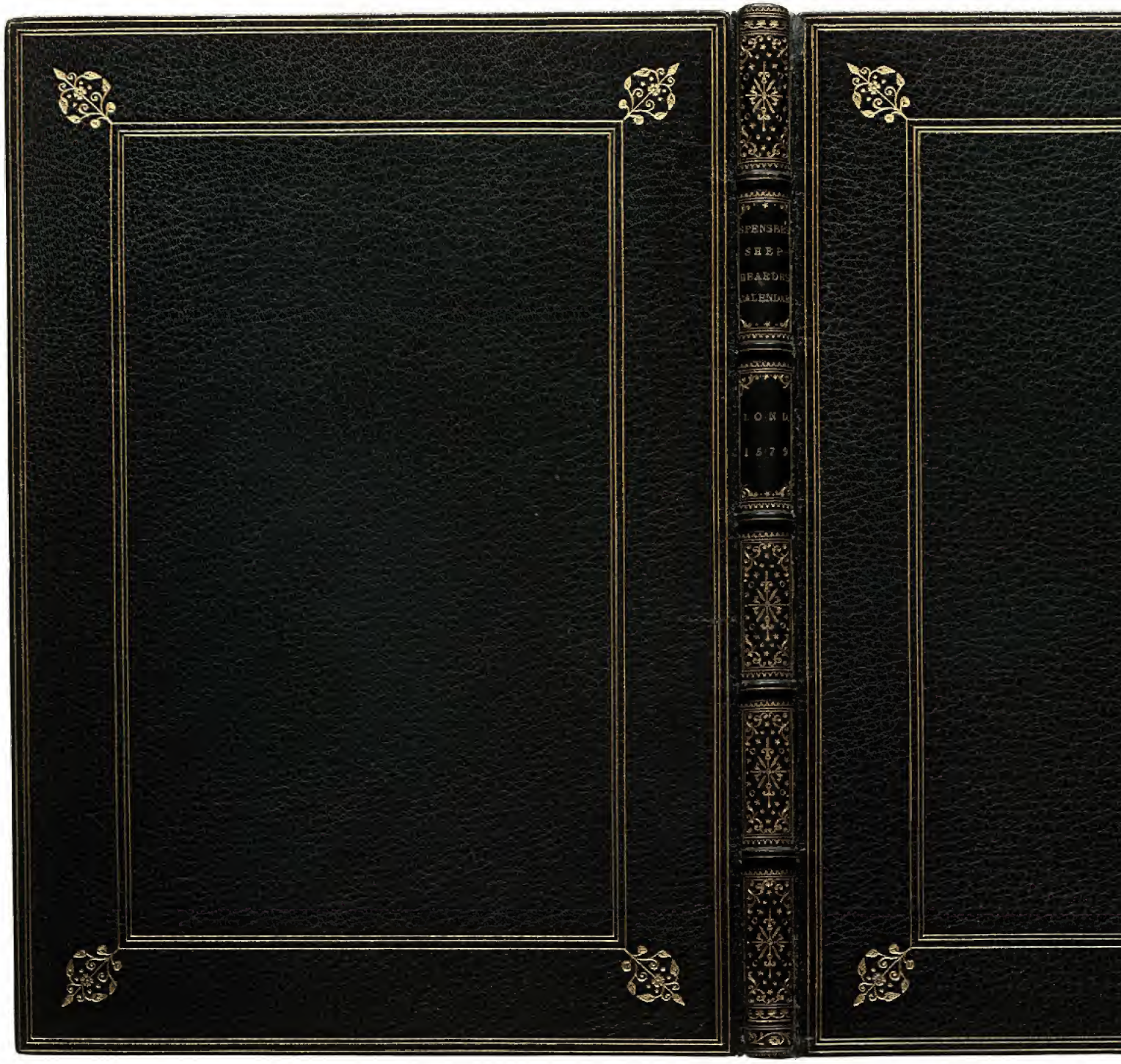
SPENSER
SHEP
HEARDS
CALENDAR
LOND
1579

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"Three things to me God lends. Old Place, old books, old friends."

BOUND BY F. BEDFORD

EPPPP PP 36

SPENSER (E.) THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertvous Gentleman most worthy of all titles both of learning and cheualrie M. Philip Sidney, black letter *and roman*, 12 *woodcuts (the word "monethes" on title injured and repaired), green morocco extra, inside dentelles, g. e. by F. Bedford*

sm. 4to. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde, 1579

* ¶, 4 leaves; A—N in fours. FIRST EDITION. Dr. Morris has lately pointed out that Collier through not having followed this edition has fallen into a variety of mistakes and corruptions. IT IS A VOLUME OF THE HIGHEST RARITY.

THE
Shepheardes Calender

Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue [illegible]thes.

Entitled

TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualrie M.
Philip Sidney.

(..)

AT LONDON.
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the
ſigne of the gylden Tunne, and
are there to be ſolde.
1579.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent:
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of cheualree,
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Vnder the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his honor has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardee,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after-thee.

Immeritô.

¶ *To the most excellent and learned both Orator and Poete, Maister Gabriell Haruey, his verie special and singular good frend E. K. commendeth the good lyking of this his labour, and the patronage of the new Poete.*

VNCOVTHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer: vvhom for his excellencie and vvonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a vvorthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our Language: and vvhom our Colin clout in his Æglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. VVhich prouerbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it serued vvell Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very vvell taketh place in this our nevv Poete, vvho for that he is vncouthe (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and vnknown to most mẽ, is regarded but of fevv. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knovvledg of men, and his vvorthines be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not onely kisse, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and vvondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his vvittinesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall vvisenesse, his devve obseruing of Decorum everye vvhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemely simplycitie of handeling his matter, and framing his vvords: the vvhich of many thinges which in him be straunge, I knovv vvill seeme the straungest, the vvords them selues being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the vvhole Periode & compasse of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And fiirste of the vvordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authors and most famous Poetes. In vvhom vvhenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and throughly redd, hovv could it be, (as that vvorthy Oratour sayde) but that vvalking in the sonne although for other cause he vvalked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and hauing the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde vvould make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vvould say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiected of Valla against Liuie, and of other against Salust, that vvith ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one & in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importaunce. For if my memory fayle not, Tullie in that booke, vvherein he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a

perfect Oratour, ſayth that oftimes an auncient worde maketh the ſtyle ſeeme graue, and as it were reuerend: no otherwiſe then vve honour and reuerence gray heares for a certein religious regard, which we haue of old age. yet nether euery where muſt old words be ſtuffed in, nor the commen Dialecte and maner of ſpeaking ſo corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it ſeme diſorderly & ruinous. But all as in moſt exquiſite pictures they vſe to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but alſo rounde about it to ſhadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the baſeneſſe of ſuch parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftimes we fynde ourſelues, I knowe not hovv, ſingularly delighted with the ſhewe of ſuch naturall rudeneſſe, and take great pleaſure in that diſorderly order: Euen ſo doe thoſe rough and harſh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightneſſe of braue & glorious vvords. So ofentimes a diſchorde in Muſick maketh a comely concordaunce: ſo great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemiſh in the ioynt of a wel ſhaped body. But if any vvill raſhly blame ſuch his purpoſe in choyſe of old and vnvvonted vvords, him may I more iuſtly blame and condemne, or of vvitleſſe headineſſe in iudging, or of heedeleſſe hardineſſe in condemning. for not marking the compaſſe of hys bent, he vvil iudge of the length of hir caſt. for in my opinion it is one ſpecial prayſe, of many vvhych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to reſtore, as to theyr right full herit age ſuch good and naturall Engliſh words, as haue ben long time out of vſe & almoſt cleare diſherited. VVhich is the onely cauſe, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it ſelf is both ful enough for proſe & ſtately enough for verſe, hath long time ben couted moſt bare & barrein of both. which defaute when as ſome endeuoured to ſalue & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, not vveighing hovv il, thoſe tongues accorde vvith themſelues, but much vvorſe vvith ours: So now they haue made our Engliſh tongue, a gallimaufray or hodgepodge of al other ſpeches. Other ſome no ſo wel ſeme in the Engliſh tonge as perhaps in other languages, if thē happen to here an olde vvord albeit very naturall and ſignificant, crye out ſtreight way, that we ſpeak no Engliſh, but gibbriſh, or rather ſuch, as in old time Euādes mother ſpake. vvhoſe firſt ſhame is, that they are not aſhamed, in their own mother tonge ſtraungers to be counted and alienes. The ſecond ſhame no leſſe then the firſt, that what ſo they vnderſtand not, they ſtreight vvay deeme to be ſenceleſſe, and not at al to be vnderſtōde. Much like to the Mole in Æſopes fable, that being blynd her ſelfe, vvould inno wiſe be perſvvaded, that any beaſt could ſee. The laſt more ſhameful then both, that of their ovvne country and natural ſpeach, vvhich together vvith their Nources milk they ſucked, they haue ſo baſe regard and baſtard iudgement, that they vvill not onely themſelues not labor to garniſh & beautifie it, but alſo repine, that of other it ſhold be crābd liſhed. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him ſelfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that ſo faine vvould feede: vvhoſe curniſh kind though cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Novv for the knitting of ſentences, vvhych they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compaſſe of the ſpeach, it is round vvithout roughneſſe, and learned vvithout hardnes, ſuch indeede as may be perceiued of the leaſte, vnderſtoode of the moſte, but iudged onely of the learned. For vvhat in moſt Engliſh vvryters vſeth to be looſe, and as it vvere vngyrt, in this Authour is vvell grounded, finely ſtamed, and ſtrongly truſſed vp together. In regard wherof, I ſcorne and ſpue out the rakehellye route of our ragged rymers (for ſo thēſelues vſe to hunt the letter) vvhich vvithout learning boſte, vvithout

iudgement iangle, vvithout reaſon rage and ſome, as if ſome inſtinct of Poeticall ſpirite had nevvly rauiſhed them aboue the meaneneſſe of commen capacitie. And being in the middeſt of all theyr brauery, ſodenly eyther for vvant of matter, or of ryme, or hauing for gotten theyr former conceipt, they ſeeme to be ſo pained and trauciled in theyr remembrance, as it vvere a woman in childebirth or as that ſame Pythia, vvhen the traunce came vpon her. Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Netheleſſe let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovvne folly, ſo they ſeeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder vvhoſe perſon the Authour ſelfe is ſhadovved, hovv furre he is from ſuch vaunted titles and glorious ſhovves, both him ſelfe ſheweth, vvhere he ſayth.

Of Muſes Hobbin, I conne no ſkill. And,

Enough is me to paint out my vnreſt, &c.

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſſe of the name, vvherein, it ſemeth, he choſe rather to vnfold great matter of argumēt couertly, then profeſſing it, not ſuffice thereto according ly. vvhich moued him rather in Æglogues, then other wiſe to vvrite, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furniſh our tongue vvith this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or follovving the example of the beſt & moſt auncient Poetes, which deuiſed this kind of vvryting, being both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the firſt to trye theyr habilities? and as young birdes, that be nevvly crept out of the neſt, by little firſt to proue theyr tender vvyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flevv Theocritus, as you may perceiue he vvas all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet vvell feeling his vvinges So flevv Mantuane, as being not full fomd. So Petrarque. So Boccace; So Marot, Sanazarus, and alſo diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vvhoſe foting this Author euery vvhere follovveth, yet ſo as few, but they be wel ſented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our nevv Poete, as a bird, vvhoſe principals be ſcarce grovven out, but yet as that in time ſhall be hable to keepe wing with the beſt.

Novv as touching the generall dryft and purpoſe of his Æglogues, I mind not to ſay much, him ſelfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnſtayed yougth had long vvandred in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvhich time to mitigate and allay the heate of his paſſion, or els to vvarne (as he ſayth) the young ſhepheards .ſ. his equalls and companions of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled theſe xij. Æglogues, vvhich for that they be proportioned to the ſtate of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEPHEARDS CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a nevv vvorke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Gloſſe or ſcholion for the expoſition of old vvordes & harder phraſes: vvhich maner of gloſing and commenting, vvell I vvote, vvil ſeeme ſtraunge & rare in our tongue: yet for ſomuch as I knew many excellent & proper deuiſes both in wordes and matter vvould paſſe in the ſpeedy courſe of reading, either as vnknovven, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take thē paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of ſome familiar acquaintaunce I vvas made priue to his counſell and ſecret meaning in them, as alſo in ſundry other vvorks of his. vvhich albeit I knovv he nothing ſo much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendſhip, him ſelfe being for long time ſure eſtraunged, hoping that this vvill the rather occaſion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vvorks of his, vvhich ſlepe in ſilence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupide, and ſondry others; vvhoſe commendations to ſet out, vvere verye

Epiſtle.

vayne; the thinges though vvorthy of many, yet being knowen to few. Theſe my preſent paynes if to any they be pleaſurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine ovvn good Maiſter Harvey, to vvhom I haue both in reſpect of your vvorthineſſe generally, and otherwyſe vpon ſome particular & ſpecial conſiderations voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends Poetrie, himſelfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vvorthy Gentleman, the right worſhipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a ſpecial fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhoſe cauſe I pray you Sir, if Enuie ſhall ſtur vp any wrongful accuſation, defend vvith your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & ſhield with your good vvil, as you ought, againſt the malice and outrage of ſo many enemies, as I knovv vvilbe ſet on fire with the ſparkes of his kindled glory. And thus recomending the Author vnto you, as vnto his moſt ſpecial good frend, and my ſelfe vnto you both, as one making ſinguler account of tvvo ſuch good and ſo choiſe frends, I bid you both moſt hartely farvvel, and commit you & your moſt commendable ſtudies to the tuicion of the greateſt.

Your owne aſſuredly to be commaunded E. K.

Poſt ſcr

NOvv I truſt M. Harvey, that vpon ſight of your ſpeciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of ſo many vnworthy Quidams, vvhich catch at the gurlond, vvhich to you alone is devve, you vvill be perſvvaded to pluck out of the hatefel darkneſſe, thoſe ſo many excellent Engliſh poemes of yours, vvhich lye hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. Truſt me you doe both them great wrong, in depriuing them of the deſired ſonne, and alſo your ſelfe, in ſmoothering your deſerued prayſes, and all men generally, in withholding from them ſo diuine pleaſures, which they might conceiue of your gallant Engliſh verſes, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and ſuperexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayſter Harvey. from my lodging at London thys 10. of Aprill. 1579.

The generall argument of the whole booke.

LIttle I hope, needeth me at large to diſcourſe the firſt Originall of Æglogues, hauing alreadie touched the ſame. But for the vvord Æglogues I knovv is vnknowen to moſt, and alſo miſtaken of ſome the beſt learned (as they think) I vvyll ſay ſomevvhat thereof, being not at all impertinēt to my preſent purpoſe.

They vvere firſt of the Greekes the inuentours of them called Æglogai as it vvere αἰγων or αἰγοβοτων λόγοι. that is Goteheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the ſpeakers be moſt ſhepheards, and Goteheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this ſpecially from that deriuing, as from the firſt head and vvelſpring the vvhole Inuention of his Æglogues, maketh Goteheards the perſons and authors of his tales. This being, vvho ſeeth not the groſſeneſſe of ſuch as by colour of learning would make vs beleeue that they are more rightly termed Eclogai, as they vvould ſay, extraordinary diſcourſes of vnneceſſarie matter, vvhich diſinition albe in ſubſtaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowhit anſvvereth with the ἐτυμολογίαν and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Æglogues, vvhich ſentence this authour very vvell obſeruing, vpon good iudgement, though mdcede ſevv Goteheards haue to doe herein, nethleſſe doubteth not to cal thē by the vſed and beſt knovven name. Other curious diſcourſes hereof I reſerue to greater occaſion. Theſe xij. Æclogues euery where anſvvering to the ſeaſons of the tvvelue monthes may be vvell deuided into three formes or rankes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the firſt, the ſixt, the eleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue, ſuch as al thoſe be, vvhich conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of ſpecial perſonages, or Morall: vvhich for the moſt part be mixed with ſome Satyrical bitterneſſe, namely the ſecond of reuerence deuve to old age, the fift of coloured deceipt, the ſeuenth and ninth of diſſolute ſhepheards & paſtours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleaſaunt vvits. And to this diuiſion may euery thing herein be reaſonably applyed: A few onely except, vvhoſe ſpeciall purpoſe and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of theſe xij. Æclogues. Now vvill vve ſpeake particularly of all, and firſt of the firſt. vvhich he calleth by the firſt monethes name Ianuarie: wherein to ſome he may ſeeme fovvly to haue faulted, in that he etroniouſly beginneth with that moneth, vvhich beginneth not the yeare. For it is vvel known, and ſtoutely mainteyned vvith ſtronge reaſons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March. for then the ſonne renevveth his finiſhed courſe, and the ſeaſonable ſpring refreſheth the earth, and the pleſaunce thereof being buried in the ſadneſſe of the dead winter novv vvorne avvay, reliueth. This opinion maynteine the olde Aſtrologers and Philoſophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which accoumpt alſo vvas generally obſerued both of Grecians and Romans. But ſading the leaue of ſuch learned heads, vve mayntaine a cuſtome of coumpting the ſeaſons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more ſpeciall cauſe, then the heathen Philoſophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauiour and eternall redeemer the L. Chriſt, vvho as then renevving the ſtate of the decayed vvorld, and returning the cōpaſſe of expired yeres to theyr former date and firſt commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the laſt yeere and beginning of the next. vvhich reckoning, beſide that eternall monument of our ſaluation, leaneth alſo vppon [illegible] proofe of

ſpecial iudgemēt. For albeit that in elder times, vvhen as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæſar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the ſame God (as is ſayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth Abil, that vvhich vve call March, for the firſt moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægipt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwiſe obſerued, both in gouernment of of the church, and rule of Mightieſt Realmes. For from Iulius Cæſar vvho firſt obſerued the leape yeere vvhich he called Biſſextilem Annum, and brought in to a more certain courſe the odde vvandring dayes vvhich of the Greekes vvere called ἐμβολιμαῖοι. of the Romanes intercalares (for in ſuch matter of learning I am forced to vſe the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombred xij. vvhich in the firſt ordinaunce of Romulus vvere but tenne, counting but CCCiiij. dayes in euery yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vvho vvas the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, ſeeing that reckoning to agree neither vvith the courſe of the ſonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added tvvo monethes, Ianuary and February: wherein it ſeemeth, that vviſe king minded vpon good reaſon to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore ſo called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth & beginning of all creatures nevv comming into the vvorlde, it ſeemeth that he therfore to him aſſigned the beginning and firſt entraunce of the yeare. vvhich account for the moſt part hath hetherto continued. Notvvithſtanding that the Ægiptians beginne their yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the beſt Rabbins, and very purpoſe of the ſcripture ſelfe, God made the vvorlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tiſri And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feaſt of Pauilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the ſeuenth moneth, vvhich before that time was the firſt.

But our Authour reſpecting nether the ſubtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fitteſt according to the ſimplicitie of commen vnderſtanding, to begin vvith Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decorū, that Sepheard ſhould be ſeene in matter of ſo deepe inſight, or canuaſe a caſe of ſo doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth he, & ſo continueth he throughout.

Ægloga prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this fyrſt Æglogue Colin cloute *a ſhepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as ſemeth) enamoured of a countrie laſſe called* Roſalinde: *with which ſtrong affection being very ſore traueled, he compareth his carefull caſe to the ſadde ſeaſon of the yeare, to the froſtie ground, to the froſen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And laſtlye, fynding himſelfe robbed of all former pleaſaunce and delights, bee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and caſteth himſelfe to the ground.*

COLIN Cloute.

A Shepeheards boye (no better doe him call)
when Winters waſtful ſpight was almoſt ſpent,
All in a ſunneſhine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.
So faynt they wore, and feeble in the folde,
That now vnnethes their feete could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, ſuch was the ſhepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)
May ſeeme he lovd, or els ſome care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his ſtile.

Tho to a hill his fapynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his fhepe there fedde.

Ye Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where pon in ioyes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And *Pan* thou fhepheards God, that once didft loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy felfe didft proue.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wafted,
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy freſh ſpring flowrd, and after haſted
Thy ſommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy wynters ſtormy ſtate,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mafkedſt late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life blood frieſing with vnkindly cold:
Such ſtormy ſtoures do breede my balefull ſmart,
As if my yeare were waſt, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my ſpring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whoſe ſhady leaues are loſt,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothd with moſſe and hoary froſt,
Inſtede of bloſſmes, wherwith your buds did flowre:
I ſee your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whoſe drops in drery yſicles remaine.

All ſo my luſtfull leafe is drye and ſere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wafted:
The bloſſome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed ſighes is blowne away, & blaſted,
And from mine eyes the drizling teares deſcend,
As on your boughes the yſicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whoſe fleece is rough and rent,
Whoſe knees are weake through faſt and euill fare:

Mayſt witneſſe well by thy ill gouernement,
Thy mayſters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thouſand ſithes I curſe that carefull bower,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to ſee:
And eke tenne thouſand ſithes I bleſſe the ſtoure,
Wherein I ſawe ſo fayre a ſight, as ſhee.
Yet all for naught: ſuch ſight hath bred my bane.
Ah God, that loue ſhould breede both ioy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he ſeeke with daply ſuit:
His clownish gifts and curtſies I diſdaine,
His kidde, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah fooliſh *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene vayne:
Colin them gives to *Roſalind* againe.

I loue thilke laſſe, (alas why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall muſick holdeth ſcorne.
Shepheards deuiſe ſhe hateth as the ſnake,
And laughes the ſonges, that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albee rude *Pan* thou pleaſe,
Yet for thou pleaſeſt not, where moſt I would:
And thou vnlucky Muſe, that wontſt to eaſe
My muſing mynd, yet canſt not, when thou ſhould:
Both pype and Muſe, ſhall fore the while abye.
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked *Phœbus* gan availe,
His wearie waine, and nowe the froſty *Night*
Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which ſeene, the penſife boy halfe in deſpight
Arroſe, and homeward drove his ſonned ſheepe,
Whoſe hanging heads did ſeeme his carefull caſe to weepe.

Ianuarie.

Colins Embleme.

Anchôra Ipeme.

GLOSSE.

COLIN Cloutè) is a name not greatly vſed, and yet haue I ſene a Poeſie of M. Skel. tons vnder that title. But indeede the vvord Cólin is Frenche, and vſed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete ſecretly ſhadoweth himſelf, as ſometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then ſuch Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

vnnethes) ſcarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to knovv or to haue ſkill. As vvell interpreteth the ſame the worthy Sir Tho. Smith in his booke of gouernement whereof I haue a perfect copie in vvryting, lent me by his kinſeman, and my verye ſingular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey; as alſo of ſome other his moſt graue & excellent vvrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour tovvne) the next tovvne: expreſſing the Latine Vicinus.

Stoure) a fitt. Sere) vvithered.

His clovvniſh gyfts) imitateth Virgils verſe,

Ruſticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, vvhereby, it being ſo commune and vſuall, ſeemeth to be hidden the perſon of ſome his very ſpeciall & moſt familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture ſhall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place ſeemeth to be ſome ſauour of diſorderly loue, vvhich the learned call pæderaſtice: but it is gathered beſide his meaning. For vvho that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may eaſily perceiue, that ſuch loue is muche to be alowed and liked of, ſpecially ſo meant, as Socrates vſed it: vvho ſayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades perſon, but his ſoule, vvhich is Alcybiades ovvne ſelfe. And ſo is pæderaſtice much to be preferred before gyneraſtice, that is the loue vvhiche enflameth men vvith luſt tovvard vvomankind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I ſtand vvith Lucian or hys deueliſh diſciple Vnico Aretiuo, in defence of execrable and horrible ſinnes of forbidden and vnlavvful fleſhlineſſe. VVhole abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

Iloue) a prety Epanorthoſis in theſe tvvo verſes, and vvithall a Paronomaſia or playing vvith the vvord, vvhere he ſayth (Iloue thilke laſſe (alas &c.

Roſalinde) is alſo a feigned name, vvhich being wel ordered, vvil bevvray the very name of hys loue and miſtreſſe, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vvhich of ſome is ſuppoſed to be Iulia

Iulia, themperor Auguſtus his daughter, and vvyfe to Agryppa. So doth Arruntius Stella euery where call his Lady Aſteris and Ianthis, albe it is vvel knowen that her right name vvas Violantilla: as vvitneſſeth Statius in his Epithalamiũ. And ſo the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cœlia in her letters enuelopeth her ſelfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vnder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common cuſtome of counterfeicting the names of ſecret Perſonages.

Auail) bring downe. Embleme.

Ouerhaile) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poeſye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra ſpeme: the meaning vvherof is, that notvvithſtande his extreme paſſion and luckleſſe loue, yet leaning on hope, he is ſome what recomforted.

Februarie.

Ægloga Secunda.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any ſecrete or particular purpoſe. It ſpecially conteyneth a diſcourſe of old age, in the perſone of Thenot *an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesſe and vnluſtineſſe, is ſcorned of* Cuddie *an vnhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the ſeaſon of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, & as it were, drawing to his laſt age. For as in this time of yeare, ſo thē in our*

bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & boare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE. THENOT.

Ah for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage.
These bitter blasts neuer gimme tallwage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiuer and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tailes,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it anales.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueile *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
Both chill, both cold, both crooked, both wrye.
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,

So semest thou like good fryday to frowne:
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,
That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
And when the shining sunne langheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
Tho gynne you, fond flyes, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the peare.
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
Dyerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the harte.
Then is your careless corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
Then pape you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youngth to spil.
I deeme, thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
Or sicker thy head beray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy peares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pype of *Phyllis* prayse:
But *Phyllis* is myne for many dayes:

I woonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepeheards woulde make full faine:
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boste,
All that is lent to loue, wyll be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See howe he benteth into the wynd.
Weenest of loue is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wastefull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely tauaunce thy headlesse hood.
For Youngth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderneſſe, whose prime Penaunce,
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoste of Greeuaunce.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
Yt was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres.
And in his small bushes bled to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruict, nor for shadowe serues thy stocke:
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white, and Crimsin redde,
With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene.

Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My Sinamon smell too much annoieth.
Wherefore soone I rede thee, hence remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold brere with great disdaine:
Little him answered the Dake againe,
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.
Yt chaunced after vpon a day,
The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to seruewe his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
Caul lesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure:
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,
(As most vsen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowring blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Dake,

Whose

Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire:
Hindering with his shade my lowely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your Coronall.
And oft he lets his canker wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where with my fresh flowrets bene defast.
For this, and many more such outrage.
Crauing your goodlihead to aswage
The ranckrous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance.
To this the Dake call him to replie
Well as he couth: but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth.
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the wast Dake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:
Semed, the senceselle wyn dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.

For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often croſt with the prieſtes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.
But like fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Dake to this miſerye.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,
And ſighed to ſee his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the ſteele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
Thearth ſhronke vnder him, and ſeemed to ſhake.
There lyeth the Dake, pitied of none.
Now ſtands the Brere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleaſaunce:
But all this glee had no continuaunce.
For eftſones Winter gan to approche,
The bluſtring Boreas did encroche,
And beate vpon the ſolitarie Brere:
For nowe no ſuccoure was ſeene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and diſconſolate,
The byting froſt nipt his ſtalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped ſnowe burdned him ſo ſore,
That nowe vpright he can ſtand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and browzed, and ſorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
For ſcorning Elo

CVDDIE.

Now I pray thee ſhepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe haue I liſtened to thy ſpeche,
That graffed to the ground is my breche:

My hartblood is welnigh frozne I feele,
And my galage growne faſt to my heele:
But little eaſe of thy lewd tale I taſted.
Hye thee home ſhepheard, the day is nigh waſted.

Thenots Embleme.

Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa ſuoi al ſuo eſſempio.

Cuddies Embleme.

Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Kene) ſharpe.
Gride) perced: an olde vvord much vſed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.
Ronts) young bullockes.
VVracke) ruine or Violence, vvhence commeth ſhipvvracke: and not vvreake, that is vengeaunce or vvrath.
Foeman) a foe.
Thenot) the name of a ſhepheard in Marot his Æglogues.
The ſoueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the ſeas. The ſaying is borovved of Mimus Publianus, vvhich vſed this prouerb in a verſe.
Improbè Neptunum accuſat, qui iterum naufragium facit.
Heardgromes.) Chaucers verſe almoſt vvhole.
Pond flyes) He compareth careleſſe ſluggardes or ill huſbandmen to flyes, that ſo ſoone as the ſunne ſhineth, or yt wexeth any thing vvarme, begin to flye abroade vvhen ſodeinly they be ouertaken vvith cold:
But eft when) A verye excellent and lively deſcription of VVinter, ſo as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter ſeaſon.
Breme) chill, bitter. Chamfred) chapt, or vvrinckled.
Accoied) plucked dovvne and daunted. Surquedrie) pryde.
Elde) olde age. Sicker) ſure. Tottie) vvauering.
Corbe) crooked. Herie) worſhippe.
Phyllis) the name of ſome mayde vnknowen, whom Cuddie, whoſe perſon is ſecrete, loued. The name is vſuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.
Belte) a girdle or waſt band. A fon) a foole. lythe) ſoft & gentile.
Venteth) ſnuffeth in the vvind. Thy flocks Father) the Ramme. Crags) neckes

Rather Lambes) that be evved early in the beginning of the yeare.
Youth is) A verye moral and pitthy Allegorie of youth, and the luſtes thereof, compared to a vvearie vvayfaring man.
Tityrus) I ſuppoſe he meane Chaucer, whoſe prayſe for pleaſaunt tales cannot dye, ſo long as the memorie of hys name ſhal liue, & the name of Poetrie ſhal endure.
VVell thevved) that is, Bene moratæ, full of morall wiſeneſſe.
There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æſopes fables. It is very excellente for pleaſaunt deſcriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotypoſis of diſdainfull younkers.
Embelliſht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequent. Sneb) checke.
VVhy ſtandſt) The ſpeach is ſcorneful & very preſumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.
Accloieth) encombreth. Adavved) daunted & confounded.
Trees of ſtate) taller trees fitte for timber vvood. Sterne ſtrife) ſaid Chaucer for fell and ſturdy. O my liege) A maner of ſupplication, vvherein is kindly coloured the affection and ſpeache of Ambitious men.
Coronall) Garlande. Flourets) young bloſſomes.
The Primroſe) The chiefe and vvorthieſt
Naked armes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, ſpoyled of leaues. This colourably he ſpeaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.
The blood) ſpoken of a blocke, as it vvere of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they ſaye) κατ' ἐνεργειάν.
Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for vvithered leaues.
Hent) caught. Nould) for vvould not. Ay) euermore. VVounds) gathes.
Enaunter) leaſt that.
The prieſtes crevve) holy vvater pott, wherewith the popiſhe prieſt vſed to ſprinckle & hallovve the trees from miſchaunce. Such blindneſſe vvas in thoſe times, which the Poete ſuppoſeth, to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.
The blocke oft groned) A liuelye figure, vvhiche geueth ſence and feeling to vnſenſible creatures, as Virgile alſo ſayeth: Saxa gemunt grauido &c.
Boreas) The Northerne vvynd, that bringeth the moſte ſtormie vveather.
Glee) chere and iollitie.
For ſcorning Eld) And minding (as ſhoulde ſeme) to haue made ryme to the former verſe, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as diſdayning to here any more.
Galage) a ſtartuppe or clovvniſh ſhoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is ſpoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, vvhich is himſelfe moſt aged, being before al ages, and vvithout beginninge, maketh thoſe, vvhom he loueth like to himſelfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and bleſſing them vvyth longe lyfe. For the bleſſing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto thoſe, vvhome God will ſo bleſſe: and albeit that many euil men reache vnto ſuch fulneſſe of yeares, and ſome alſo vvexe olde in myſerie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the leſſe bleſſing. For euen to ſuch euill men ſuch number of yeares is added, that they may in their laſt dayes repent, and come to their firſt home. So the old man checketh the raſhheaded boy, for deſpyſing his gray and froſtye heares.
VVhom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, ſpoken indeede at the

firſt in contempt of old age generally. for it vvas an old opinion, and yet is continued in ſome mens conceipt, that men of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not ſo much as younger folke. For that being rypened with long experience, and hauing paſſed many bitter brunts and blaſtes of vengeaunce, they dread no ſtormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe vviſedome armed againſt all miſchaunces and aduerſitie, or vvith much trouble hardened againſt all troubleſome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is ſayd in Æſops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he vvas at firſt ſore aghaſt & diſmayed at the grimnes and auſteritie of hys countenance, but at laſt being acquainted vvith his lookes, he vvas ſo furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and ieſt with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in ſome men ſecuritie. Although it pleaſe Eraſmus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to conſtrue it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe Nemo Senex metuit Iouem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from ſuperſtition and Idolatrous regard of falſe Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithſtanding, it is to plaine, to be gainſayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to ſuch fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.

Ægloga Tertia.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Æglogue two ſhepheards boyes taking occaſion of the ſeaſon, beginne to make purpoſe of loue and other pleſaunce, which to ſpringtime is moſt agreeable. The ſpeciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes

and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye. Thomalin.

THomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Upon so kayre a morow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne budde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bowre,
That newe is vpryst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes a skaunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou bee assott:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?

Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?
Or made preuie to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preuie marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Vnlike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.

Thomalin.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same vnhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there vnioynted both her bones:
Wought her necke bene ioynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

When shepheardes groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting:
At length within an Yuie coppe
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more russling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leuelde againe,
And shott at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent,
And threwe: but nought availed:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affrayd I ranne away:
But he, thatt earst seemd but to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele:

But

But soone it sore encreased.
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.
VVillye.
Thomalin, I pitie thy plight.
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he wilbe wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Peeretree haunted.
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping *Phebus* steepes his face:
Yts time to hast vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.

GLOSS.

THIS Æglogue seemeth some what to resemble that same of Theocritus, where in the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned, to beware of mischiefe to come.

Ouer went) ouergone
To quell) to abate.
Alegge) to lessen or asswage.
VVelkin) the skie.

The ſwallow) vvhich bird vſeth to be counted the meſſenger, and as it vvere, the fore runner of ſpringe.

Flora) the Goddeſſe of flovvres, but indede (as ſaith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which vvith the abuſe of her body hauing gotte great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of ſo great beneficence, appointed a yearely feſte for the memorial of her, calling her, not as ſhe was, nor as ſome doe think, Anadronica, but Flora: making her the Goddeſſe of all floures, and doing yerely to her ſolemne ſacrifice.

Maias bovvre) that is the pleaſaunt fielde, or rather the Maye buſhes. Maia is a Goddes and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name ſo called, as ſayth Macrobius.

Lettice) the name of ſome country laſſe.

Aſcaunce) aſkevve or aſquint. For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, vvhich the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For Lethe ſignifieth forgetfulnes. VVherein the ſoules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by loue ſleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he vvas almoſt forgotten and out of knovvledge, by reaſon of winters hardneſſe, when al pleaſures as it were, ſleepe and weare oute of mynde.

Aſſotte) to dote.

His ſlomber) To breake Loues ſlomber, is to exerciſe the delightes of Loue and wanton pleaſures.

VVinges of purple) ſo is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verſe.

Eſt nubi namque domi pater, eſt iniuſta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verſe or charme, that in elder tymes they vſed often to ſay ouer euery thing, that they would haue preſerued, as the Nightſpel for theeues, and the vvoodſpell. And herehence I thinke is named the goſpell, as it were Gods ſpell or vvorde. And ſo ſayth Chaucer, Liſteneth Lordings to my ſpell.

Gange) goe. An Yuie todde) a thicke buſhe.

Swaine) a boye: For ſo is he deſcribed of the Poetes, to be a boye .ſ. alvvayes freſhe and luſtie: blindfolded, becauſe he maketh no difference of Perſonages: vvyth diuers coloured winges, .ſ. ful of flying fancies: vvith bovve and arrow, that is vvith glaunce of beautye, vvhich prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is ſayd alſo to haue ſhafts, ſome leaden, ſome golden: that is, both pleaſure for the gracious and loued, and ſorovv for the louer that is diſdayned or forſaken. But vvho liſte more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade either Propertius, or Moſchus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now moſt excellently tranſlated into Latine by the ſinguler learned man Angelus Politianus: vvhich vvorke I haue ſeene amongſt other of thys Poets doings, very wel tranſlated alſo into Engliſhe Rymes.

VVimble and vvighte) Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically ſpoken, and not vvithout ſpeciall iudgement. For Remember, that in Homer it is ſayd of Thetis, that ſhee tooke her young babe Achilles being nevvely borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the Riuer

Riuer of Styx. The vertue vvhereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes vvaſhed therein from any mortall vvound. So Achilles being waſhed al ouer, ſaue onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the reſt invulnerable: therfore by Paris vvas feyned to bee ſhotte vvith a poyſoned arrowe in the heele, vvhiles he vvas buſie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which myſticall fable Euſtathius vnfolding, ſayth: that by vvounding in the hele, is meant luſtfull loue. For from the heele (as ſay the beſt Phiſitions) to the preuie partes there paſſe certaine veines and ſlender ſynnevves, as alſo the like come from the head, and are caryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: ſo that (as ſayth Hipocrates) yf thoſe veynes there be cut a ſonder, the partie ſtraighte becometh cold and vnfruiteful. vvhich reaſon our Poete vvel weighing, maketh this ſhepheards boye of purpoſe to be vvounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught. VVroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is ſette out the ſimplicitye of ſhepheards opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phœbus) Is a Periphraſis of the ſunne ſetting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein vvanton youth vvallovveth, be but follye mixt vvith bitterneſſe, and ſorovv favvced with repentaunce. For beſides that the very affection of Loue it ſelfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vvayes, vvith vnreſtfulneſſe all night, and vvearines all day, ſeeking for that we can not haue, & fynding that we would not haue: euē the ſelfe things vvhich beſt before vs lyked, in courſe of time and chaung of ryper yeares, vvhiche alſo therevvithall chaungeth our vvonted lyking and former fantaſies, vvill then ſeeme lothſome and breede vs annoyaunce, vvhen yougthes flovvre is vvithered, and vve fynde our bodyes and vvits vnſwere not to ſuche vayne iollitie and luſtfull pleaſaunce.

Ægloga Quarta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers hereinbe Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as comming, ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptely he termeth Elysa.

Thenot. Hobbinoll.

TEll me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ptorne?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the peare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?

Like

Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thirstye payne.

Hobbinoll.

Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I loued so deare.
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plonged in payne, his tresled locks doth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare,
Hys pleasaunt pipe, whych made vs merriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
Vs loue such pinching payne to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to hyde loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whylome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys maddyng mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So nowe fayre *Rosalind* hath bredde hys smart,
So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee *Hobbinoll*, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinol.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
Of fayre *Elisa*, Queene of shepheardes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.

Ye

YE dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence flowth *Helicon* the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your silver song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may shee flourish long,
In princely plight.
For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaves betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like *Phœbe* fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where have you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his golden hedde,
upon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy silver rayes,
and be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that ever he begot
such a Bellibone,
And *Syrinx* rejoyse, that ever was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see *Calliope* speede her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
with their Violines.
Bene they not Bay branches, which they doe beare,
All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deftly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.
Wants not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen:
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princelie bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hye you there apace:
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more fineſſe, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gellislowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The prettie Pawnce,
And the Cheuisaunce.
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice,

Now

Now ryse vp *Elisa*, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
echeone her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song.
And if you come hether,
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

Thenot

And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

Hobbinol.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater fon,
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night drawcth on,
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete] causeth thee vveepe and complain. Forlorne] left & forsaken. Attempred to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill, vvhich moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through dryneſſe of March vvyndes. The Ladde] Colin Clout] The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks) wrethed & curled Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking, i. vvhat maner of Ladde is he? To make] to rime and verſifye. For in this vvord making, our olde Englishe Poetes were vvont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke vvoorde ποιεῖν, to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenſt] knoweſt. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to ſome Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicauſe he ſo often nameth the Kentiſh dovvnes, and before, As lythe as laſſe of Kent.

The VVidovves] He calleth Roſalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather ſayde to coloure and concele the perſon, then ſimply ſpoken. For it is vvell knowen, euen in ſpighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that ſhee is a Gentle vvoman of no meane houſe, nor endewed vvith anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but ſuche indeede, as neede nether Colin be aſhamed to haue her made knowne by his verſes, nor Hobbinol be greued, that ſo ſhe ſhould be commended to immortalitie for her rare and ſingular Vertues: Specially deſeruing it no leſſe, then eyther Myrto the moſt excellēt Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Laurera the diuine Petrarches Goddeſſe, or Himera the vvorthye Poete Steſichorus hys Idole: Vpon vvhom he is ſayd ſo much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he ſcorned & wrote againſt the beauty of Helena. For which his preſumptuous and vnheedie hardineſſe, he is ſayde by vengeaunce of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue loſt both his eyes.

Frenne] a ſtraunger. The word I thinke vvas firſt poetically put, and aftervvarde vſed in commen cuſtome of ſpeach for forenne.

Dight] adorned. Laye] a ſonge. as Roundelayes and Virelayes

In all this ſonge is not to be reſpected, vvhat the worthineſſe of her Maieſtie deſerueth, nor vvhat to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhat is moſte comely for the meaneſſe of a ſhepheards vvitte, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her Elyſa, as through rudeneſſe tripping in her name: & a ſhepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a ſhepheards boy brought vp in the ſhepefold, ſhould know, or euer ſeme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie] is, as it vvere an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins] the nine Muſes, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvhoſe abode the Poets faine to be on Parnaſſus, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrye ſpecially flouriſhed the honor of all excellent ſtudies.

Helicon] is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnaſſus, and alſo of a mounteine in Bœotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Caſtalius, dedicate alſo to the Muſes: of vvhich ſpring it is ſayd, that vvhen Pegaſus the winged horſe of Perſeus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) ſtrooke the grovvnde with his hoofe, ſodenly thereout ſprange a vvel of moſte cleare and pleaſaunte water, vvhich fro thēce forth was conſecrate to the Muſes & Ladies of learning.

Your ſiluer ſong] ſeemeth to imitate the lyke in Heſiodus ἀργύρεον μέλος.

Syrinx] is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue purſued, ſhe flying frō him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in ſtede of the Damoſell, and puffing hard (for he vvas almoſt out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvhich he ſeeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his loſt loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the ſhephearde ſimplye meante thoſe Poetical Gods: but rather ſuppoſing (as ſeemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (ſo as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges and

and Princes, according to Homeres ſaying.

Θυμὸς δὴ μέγας ἐσὶ διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
τιμὴν δ' ἐν δίοις ἐσι, φιλεῖ δέ ἑ μητίετα Ζεύς.)

could deuiſe no parents in his iudgement ſo vvorthy for her, as Pan the ſhepeheards God, and his beſt beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the moſt famous and victorious King, her highneſſe Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in ſome place Chriſt himſelfe, who is the verye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremoſin coronet] he deuiſeth her crowne to be of the fineſt and moſt delicate flowers, inſtede of perles and precious ſtones, wherevvith Princes Diadernes vſe to bee adorned and emboſt.

Embelliſh] beautifye and ſet out.

Phebe] the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be ſiſter vnto Phœbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled] mingled.

Yſere] together. By the mingling of the Redde roſe and the VVhite, is meant the vniting of the two principall houſes of Lancaſter and of Yorke: by vvhoſe longe diſcord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was ſore traueiled, & almoſt cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the ſeuenth, of the line of Lancaſter, taking to vvife the moſt vertuous Princeſſe Eliſabeth, daughter to the fourth Edvvard of the houſe of Yorke, begat the moſt royal Henry the eyght aforeſayde, in vvhom vvas the firſte vnion of the VVhyte Roſe and the Redde.

Calliope] one of the nine Muſes: to vvhome they aſſigne the honor of all Poetical Inuention, & the firſte glorye of the Heroicall verſe. other ſay, that ſhee is the Goddeſſe of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeſte, that they myſtake the thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte ſemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, ſaying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia geſtu.

which ſeemeth ſpecially to be meant of Action and elocution, both ſpecial partes of Rhetorick: beſyde that her name, vvhich (as ſome conſtrue it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part. but I holde rather vvith them, vvhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good ſinging.

Bay branches] be the ſigne of honor & victory, & therfore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as ſaith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.

The Graces] be three ſiſters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whoſe names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphroſyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth. f. Paſithea) otherwiſe called Charites, that is thanks. vvhō the Poetes feyned to be the Goddeſſes of al bountie & comelines, vvhich therefore (as ſayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men firſt ought to be gracious & bountiful to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteouſly, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three ſundry Actions in liberalitye. And Boccace ſaith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæſar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from

vs:the other twvo toward vs,noting double thanke to be due to vs for the bene-
fit, we haue done.

Deaffly] Finelye and nimbly. Soote] Sweete. Meriment] Mirth.

Beuie] A beauie of Ladyes,is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes.For they say a Beuie of Larkes,euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the lake] be Nymphes.For it vvas an olde opinion amongste the Auncient Heathen,that of euery spring and fountaine vvas a goddesse the Soueraigne. VVhiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence,by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers,such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great and such like,who tell many an vnlavvfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake,that is,the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke signifieth VVell water,or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

Bedight] called or named.

Cloris]the name of a Nymph,and signifieth greenesse,of vvhome is sayd, that Zephyrus the VVesterne wind being in loue with her,and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue vvas vvont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned,and so carefully looked to,as it ought, but in time of peace:or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, vvill not growe neare the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre.VVhereupon is finely feigned, that vvhen Neptune and Minerua stroue for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth,that importeth vvarre,but at Mineruaes stroke sprong out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning,and such peaceable studies.

Binde your] Spoken rudely,and according to shepheardes simplicitye.

Bring] all these be names of flovvers. Sops in vvine a flovvre in colour much like to a Coronation,but differing in smel and quantitye.Flowre delice,that which they vse to misterme,Flovvre de luce,being in Latine called Flos delitiarum.

A Bellibone] or a Bonibell: homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonlasse.

Forsvvonck and forswatt] ouerlaboured and sunneburnt.

I savv Phœbus]the sunne. A sensible Narration,& present vievv of the thing mentioned, which they call ἐνάργεια.

Cynthia] the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyll,vvhere she was honoured.

Latonaes seede] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom vvhen as Niobe the vvife of Amphion scorned,in respect of the noble fruict of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes,and so many daughters,Latona being therewith displeased, commanded her sonne Phœbus to slea al the sonnes,and Diana all the daughters:where at the vnfortunate Niobe being sore distrayed, and lamenting out of measure, vvas feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children.for which cause the shepheard sayth,he vvill not compare her to them, for feare of like myslfortune.

Now rise] is the conclusion.For hauing so decked her vvith prayses and compari-
sons,he returne

returneth all the thanck of hys labour to the excellencie of her Maiestie.

VVhen Damsins] A base revvard of a clovvnish giuer.

Yblent] Y, is a poeticall addition.blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile,and there of him vsed in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus,appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells:being there most diuinely set forth.To vvhich similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excelency of Elisa,and being through the worthynes of Colins song,as it were,ouercome with the hugenesse of his imagination,brusteth out in great admiration,(O quam te memorẽ virgo?)being otherwise vnhable,then by soddein silence,to expresse the vvorthinesse of his conceipt. VVhom Thenot answereth vvith another part of the like verse,as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce,that Elisa is novvhit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of vvhome that Poete so boldly pronounced,O dea certe.

Maye.

Ægloga Quinta

ARGVMENT.

In this firste Æglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Palinodie,be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers,or the protestant and the Catholique:whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other. with whom hauing shewed,that it is daungerous to maintaine any felowship,or giue too much credit to their co

lourable

lourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

Palinode. Piers.

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads maken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liuerys bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming Buds.
Youthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may bus-kets and smelling bryer:
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sytten as drowned in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers *Palinode* such follies sitte,
But we twayn bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such sonlaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A layre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush beare)
Ah *Piers*, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gapen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton merryment.
Thilke same bene shepeheards for the Deuils steede,
That playen, while their flockes be vnfeede.
Well is it seene, theyr sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at random alone.
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lords taske,
When dread *Pan* account of shepeherdes shall aske.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fondly pitied:
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather, then other should scorne at me:
For pitied is misshappe, that nas remedie,
But scorned bene dedes of fond foolerie.
What shoulden shepheards other things tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

They sleepen in selk, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giuethgood for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought needes be defilde.
But shepheards (as Algrind used to say,)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly souenance he must forelay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce.
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong chenisaunce,
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is meant,
Euil ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,
(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)
When shepheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce:
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
For *Pan* himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them serued for their mayntenaunce.
The shephears God so wel them guided,
That of nought they were vnprouided,
Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.
But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
That not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
Loners of Lordship and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a loft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho vnder colour of shepeheards, somewhile
There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,
That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
This was the first sourse of shephear ds sorowe,
That now nill be quitt with baile, nor borrowe.

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare, is outragious.
Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:
And who can counsell a christie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou rapiest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes liue, if not so?
What should they pynen in payne and woe?
May sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I will liue in sorrowe.
Sorrowe ne needs be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Usen we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world before,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I lift none accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.
For what concord han light and darke same?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such fautors, when their false hartes bene hidde.
Will doe, as did the Fore by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now *Piers*, of felowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

THilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise)
Was too very foolish and vnwise.
For on a tyme in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason.
Yode forth abroade vnto the greene wood,
To browze, or play, or what shee thought good.
But for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of fauour, as kidde mought be:
His wellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth rankely vnder his chinne.
My sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weepe:
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
Thy father (that word she spake with payne:
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
Thy father, had he lived this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaie,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight?
But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cutte of hys dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
Now I a wayfull widdowe behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And florish in flowres of lusty head.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbbe from her hart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speache,

With some old sorowe, that made a newe breache:
Seemed shee sawe in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to stroke
Riddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beastes liggen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Fore, maister of collusion:
For he has boued thy last confusion.
For thy my Riddie be ruld by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request.
So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensife Damme out of doore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore:
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dispraised)
Yet forth shee pode thereat halfe aghast:
And Riddie the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Fore came to the dore anone:
Not as a Fore, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in his packe.
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the dore he cast me downe his pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitee,
That some good body would once pitie mee.
Well heard Riddie al this sore constraint,
And longd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,
Preuelie he peeped out through a chinck:
Yet not so preuilie, but the Fore him spyed:
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.
Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
Jesus blesse that sweete face, I espye,
And keepe your corpse from the carefull stounds,
That in my carrion carcas abounds.
The Kidd pitying his beauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were,
Tho he, that had weil peond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of dead,
But I be relieued by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coloure donne:
For with long trauerle I am brent in the sonne.
And if that my Grandsire me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,
With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.
Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherein while kiddie vnwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the iewell.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Fore, as he were starke lame.
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shewe many a fine knack.
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the bas-ket for the Kidde to fynd.
Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his bas-ket did latch,
Ne stayed he once, the dore to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the dore stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the flore she sawe the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sette to dere a prise.
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly *Piers*, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
For our sir John, to say to morrowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of their falshode more could I recount.
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

Palin-

Palinodes Embleme.

Πὰς μὲν ἄπιστος ἀπιστεῖ.

Piers his Embleme.

Τὶς δ' ἄρα πίστος ἀπίστω;

GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues vvith pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket liueries) gray coates. Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets) a Diminutiue. s. little bushes of hauthorne. Kirke) church. Queme) please.

A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) vvent. Iouyssance) ioye. Svvinck) labour. Inly) entirely Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, vvhich is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fifte booke de Preparat. Euang; vvho thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. VVhich story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of vvalking sprightes. vvho sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemtion of man, certein passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alovvde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vvas the name of an Ægyptian, vvhich was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, vvhen he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan vvas dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that vvhen he came to Palodes, there sodeinly vvas such a calme of winde, that the shippe stoode still in the sea vnmoued, he vvas forced to cry alovvd, that Pan was dead: vvherevvithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time vvas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that vvere wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, ansvvere vvas made him by the vvisest and best learned, that it vvas the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the commen prouerb, Malim Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for vvould not.

Tho vvith them] doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, vvhych

Caused to be vvritten on his tombe in Greeke:vvhich verses be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hæc habui quæ edi,quæque exaturata libido
„ Hausit,at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.

vvhich may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I eate did I ioye,and all that I greedily gorged:
„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire,vvhich though much more vvisedome bewraieth, then Sardanapalus,yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse:the rymes be these.

„ Ho, Ho,who lies here?
„ I the good Erle of Deuonshere,
„ And Maulde my wife,that vvas sul deare,
„ VVe liued together lv. yeare.
„ That vve spent, vve had:
„ That vve gaue, vve haue:
„ That vve lefte, vve lost.

Algrim)the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men. Enaunter) least that.
Souenaunce) remembraunce. Miscreaunce) despeire or misbeliefe.
Cheuisaunce) sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine:sometime of other for spoyle,or bootie,or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.
Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie,That in diuision of the lande of Canaan,to the tribe of Leuie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for GOD himselfe vvas their inheritaunce
Some gan) meant of the Pope,and his Antichristian prelates,which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche,and with Peters counterfet keyes, open a vvide gate to al wickednesse and insolent gouernment.Nought here spoken,as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce(as some malitiously of late haue done to the great vnrest and hinderaunce of the Churche) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such,as in steede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe.
Soutse) vvelspring and originall. Borrovve) pledge or suertie.
The Geaunte) is the greate Atlas,vvhom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders:being in deede a merueilous highe mountaine in Mauritania,that novv is Barbarie,vvhich to mans seeming perceth the clouds, and seemeth to touch the heauens.Other thinke,and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye.(of vvhome may bee, that that hil had his denomination)brother to Promethe us(who as the Grekes say) did first synd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination vvherefore the poetes feigned,that he susteyned the firmament on his shoulders.Many other coniectures needeleese be told hereof.
VVarke) vvorke: Encheason)cause,occasion.
Deare borovv) that is our sauiour,the commen pledge of all mens debts to death.
VVyten) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely. Conteck)strife contention.
Hee)theyr,as vseth Chaucer. Han) for haue. Sam) together.

This

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables,but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faythfull and true Christians.By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie vvith carefull vvatchewords (as heere doth the gote) vvarned his little ones,to beware of such doubling deceit.By the Foxe,the false and faithlesse Papistes, to vvhom is no credit to be giuen,nor felowshippe to be vsed.
The gate) the Gote:Northernely spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. afforesayd
She set) A figure called Fictio,which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speaches to vnreasonable creatures.
The bloosmes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vvhich then beginne to sproute and shoote foorth,when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.
And with) A very Poeticall *traiect.*
Orphane) A youngling or pupill,that needeth a Tutour and gouernour.
That vvord) A patheticall parenthesis,to encreaseth carefull Hyperbaton.
The braunch)of the fathers body,is the child.
For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos,sic ille manus,sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing sighe. Liggen) lye.
Maister of collusion).s.coloured guile,because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily & crafty.
Sperre the yate) shut the dore.
For such) The gotes stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastingues in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (vvhiche vvas a shrevvde prophecie of his mishap,that folowed) it is sayd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London,there to sitte vppon matters of counsell, his horse stombled tvvise or thrise by the vvay: vvhich of some, that ryding vvith hym in his company,were priuie to his neere destenie,vvas secretly marked, and aftervvard noted for memorie of his great mishap,that ensevved. For being then as merye,as man might be,and least doubting any mortall daunger,he was within tvvo hovvres after,of the Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.
As belles) by such trifles are noted,the reliques and ragges of popish superstition,which put no smal religion in Belles:and Babies.s.Idoles:and glasses.s. Paxes,and such lyke trumperies.
Great cold.) For they boast much of their outvvard patience,and voluntarye sufferaunce as a vvorke of merite and holy humblenesse.
Svveete S. Charitie.The Catholiques comen othe,and onely speache, to haue charitye alvvayes in their mouth,and sometime in their outward Actions,but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.
Clincke.) a key hole.VVhose diminutiue is clicket,vsed of Chaucer for a Key.
Stoundes) fittes: afore sayde. His lere) his lesson. Medled) mingled.
Beesthhead.) agreeing to the person of a beast. Sibbe.) of kynne.
Nevvell) a nevve thing. To forestall) to præuent. Glee] chere,afforesayde.
Deare a price.) his lyfe,vvhich he lost for those toyes.
Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvhose purpose is to vvarne the protestaunt bevvare, hovve he geueth credit to the vnfaythfull

Catholique: vvhereof vve haue dayly prooſes ſufficient, but one moſte famous of all, practiſed of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the nynth.

Payne) gladde or deſyrous.

Our ſir Iohn) a Popiſhe prieſt, A ſaying fit for the groſeneſſe of a ſhepheard, but ſpoken to taunte vnlearned Prieſtes.

Diſmount) deſcende or ſet. Nye) drawveth nere.

Embleme.

Both theſe Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending that vvho doth moſt miſtruſt is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſehod breedeth miſtruſt in the mynd, thinking noleſſe guile to lurke in others, then in hymſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replyeth vvith another peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, vvhat fayth then is there in the faythleſſe. For if fayth be the ground of religion, vvhich fayth they dayly falſe, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they ſaye.

Iune.

Ægloga ſexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill ſucceſſe in his loue. For being (as is aforeſaid) enamoured of a Country laſſe Roſalind, and hauing (as ſeemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forſaken vnfaithfully, and in his ſteede Menalcas, another ſhepheard receiued diſloyally. And this is the vvhole Argument of this Æglogue.

Hobbinoll

HOBBINOL. COLIN Cloute.

O *Colni*, here the place, whoſe pleaſaunt ſyte
From other ſhades hath weand my wandring mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte?
The ſimple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, ſo coole, as no where elſe I fynde:
The graſſye ground with daintye Daiſies dight,
The Bramble buſh, where Byrds of euery kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I bleſſe thy ſtate,
That Paradiſe haſt found, whych *Adam* loſt.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Without dreade of Wolues to bene ytoſt:
Thy louely layes here mayſt thou freely boaſte.
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods purſue from coaſte to coaſte,
Can nowhere fynd, to ſhrowde my luckleſſe pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou liſt aduiſed be,
Forſake the ſoyle, that ſo doth the bewitch:
Leaue me thoſe hilles, where harborough nis to ſee,
Nor holybuſh, nor byrch, nor winding witche:
And to the dales reſort, where ſhepheards ritch,
And fruictfull flocks bene euery where to ſee.
Here no night Rauens lodge more black then pitche,
Nor elui ſh ghoſts, nor gaſtly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,
With Heydegyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilſt ſyſters nyne, which dwell on *Parnaſſe* hight,
Doe make them muſick, for their more delight:
And *Pan* himſelfe to kiſſe their chriſtall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when *Phœbe* ſhineth bright:
Such pierleſſe pleaſures haue we in theſe places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylſt youth, and courſe of careleſſe yeeres

Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproue,
My fancye eke from former follies moue
To staied steps for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples unrype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but peeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on waskfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe *Calliope* wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Their yuory Lutes and Tamburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after haskely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in their art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of Muses *Hobbinol*, I conne no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest *Ioue*,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill.

For

For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phœbus* stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:
I neuer lyst presume to *Parnasse* hyll,
But pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne striue to winne renowme, or passe the rest:
With shepheard sittes not, follow flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where faire hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest:
The fytter they, my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,
And poure my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
Well couth he wayle hys Woes, and lightly slake
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredd,
And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should death on hym such outrage showe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But if on me some little drops would flowe,
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtesee,
As messengers of all my painfull plight,
Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

And thou *Menalcas*, that by trecheree
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to were so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is wore a weede,
And faultlesse fayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyues on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do: you forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia Speme Spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soile, vvherin Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; vvherein Adam in his first creation vvas placed. VVhich of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the vvorld (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus description of it, in the hystorie of Alexanders conquest thereof.) Lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flovve out of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, vvhereof it is so denominate.

Forsake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed)

informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrye, where he dvvelt. N'is) is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, vvhere he nowe abydeth, vvhich thoughe they be full of hylles and vvoodes (for Kent is very hyllye and vvoodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth vvoodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (VVhereof they be tokens) flying euery vvhere.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elfes is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so feigned; vvhich as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nousell the comen people in ignorounce, least being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvoulde in tyme smell out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that vvhen all Italy was distraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being tvvo famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any time vvere frowarde and vvanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. VVhich vvords nowe from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes & Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmē vsed to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrevvsbury; whose nobilesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies vvere defaicted & put to flyght at the onely hearing of hys name. In somuch that the Frēch vvemen, to affray theyr chyldren, vvould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageaunts sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte. &c.

Haydegates) A country daunce or rovvnd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres] Equalles and felow shepheards. Queneapples vnripe) imitating Virgils verse.
Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues) a straunge phrase in English, but vvord for vvord expressing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of vvater, but of young trees springing. Calliope) afore sayde.
Thys staffe is is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, vvhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan vvith Phœbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo striuing for excellencie

cellencye in muſicke,choſe Midas for their iudge. VVho being corrupted vvyth partiall affection,gaue the victorye to Pan vndeſerued:for vvhich Phœbus ſette a payre of Aſſes eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer,hath bene already ſufficiently ſayde,& by thys more playne appeareth,that he ſayth,he tolde merye tales.Such as be hys Canterburie tales.vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, ſo as Tullie calleth Lentulus,Deum vitæ ſuæ .ſ.the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to verſifie. O vvhy] A pretye Epanorthoſis or correction.

Diſcurteſie)he meaneth the falſeneſſe of his louer Roſalinde, who forſaking hym, hadde choſen another.

Poynte of worthy wite] the pricke of deſerued blame.

Menalcas] the name of a ſhephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a perſon vnknowne and ſecrete,agaynſt vvhome he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderſonge] vndermynde and deceiue by falſe ſuggeſtion.

Embleme.

You remember,that in the fyrſt Æglogue,Colins Poeſie vvas Anchora ſpeme : for that as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme.But novve being cleane forlorne and reiected of her,as whoſe hope,that was,is cleane extinguiſhed and turned into deſpeyre , he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodneſſe to come.vvhich is all the meaning of thys Embleme.

Ægloga ſeptima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good ſhepeheardes,and to the ſhame and diſprayſe of proude and ambitious Paſtours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin. Morrell.

IS not thilke ſame a goteheard prowde,
that ſittes on ponder bancke,
Whoſe ſtraying heard them ſelfe doth ſhrowde
emong the buſhes ranckes

Morrell.

What ho,thou iollye ſhepheards ſwayne,
come vp the hyll to me:
Better is,then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke,and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God ſhield,man,that I ſhould clime,
and learne to looke aloſte,
This reede is eyſe,that oftentime
Great clymbers fall vnſoft.

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared vp
his fyriefooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking byringes in hast
pyne,plagues,and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scorching heate
where hast thou couerture?
The wastefull hylls vnto his threate
is a playne ouerture.
But if thee lust,to holden chat
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe,and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker,thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with lond termes,and weetlesse wordes
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred vnto saints they stond,
and of them han theyr name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coste?
And of S. Brigets bowre I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that con of Muses skill,
sayne most what,that they dwell
(As gotehearde wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.

And wonned not the great God *Pan*,
vpon mount *Oliuet*:
Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
which dyd himselfe beget?

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe,O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloudy sweat
from Wolues,that would them teare.

Morrel.

Besyde,as holy fathers sayne,
there is a hyllye place,
Where *Titan* ryseth from the mayne,
to renne hys dayly race.
Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue,where *Phebe* layed,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feede theyr flocks at will,
Till by his folye one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithens shepheardes bene forelayd
from places of delight:
For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
to clime this hilles height.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
And of our Ladyes bowre:
But little needes to strow my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faunes* resourse,
and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.
The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
adowne the dales of Kent:

Till with his elder brother Themis
His brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
and *Teribinth* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyr throtes.
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde lorrell,
of Heauen to demen so:
How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that striues to touch the starres,
oft stombles at a strawe,
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prowd that sitting hye,
vpon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Melampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone myght be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts,
Which han be dead of yore.
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
theyr good is with them goe:

They

Theyr sample onely to vs lent,
That als we mought doe soe.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
and liued in lowlye leas:
And sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
why done we them disease?
Such one he was, (as I haue heard
old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
and liued with little gayne:
As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
simple, as simple sheepe,
Humble, and like in eche degree
the flocke, which he did keepe.
Often he bled of hys keepe
a sacrifice to bring,
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe
the Altars hallowing.
So lowted he vnto hys Lord,
such fauour couth he fynd,
That sithens neuer was abhord,
the simple shepheards kynd.
And such I weene the brethren were,
that came from *Canaan*:
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flockes of mighty *Pan*.
But nothing such thilk shephearde was,
whom *Ida* hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
whose loue he bought to deare:
For he was proude, that ill was payd,
(no such mought shepheards bee)
And with lewde lust was ouerlayd:
twayn things doen ill agree:
But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
well eyed, as *Argus* was,

With flethly follyes vndefyled,
and ſtoute as ſteede of braſſe.
Sike one (ſayd *Algrin*) *Moſes* was,
that ſawe hys makers face,
His face more cleare, then Chriſtall glaſſe,
and ſpake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the firſt of all his cote,
A ſhepheard trewe, yet not ſo true,
as he that earſt I hote.
Whilome all theſe were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer ſtrouen to be chiefe,
and ſimple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not ſo nighly wore,
ſuch ſimpleſſe mought them ſhend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
ſo hath theyr god them bleſt,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they liſt:
Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold.
(mought they good ſheepeheards bene)
Theyr Pan theyr ſheepe to them has ſold,
I ſaye as ſome haue ſeene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if ſuch be Rome) and then
he ſawe thilke miſuſage.
For ſhepeheards (ſayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done other where,
Theyr ſheepe han cruſtes, and they the breade:
the chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flelh,
(O ſeely ſheepe the while)
The corne is theyrs, let other threſh,
their hands they may not file.

They han great ſtores, and thriftye ſtockes,
great freendes and feeble foes:
What needs hem caren for their flocks?
theyr bayes can looke to thoſe.
Theſe wilards weltre in welths waues,
pampred in pleaſures deepe,
They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
their faſting flockes to keepe.
Sike miſter men bene all miſgone,
they heapen hylles of wrath:
Sike ſyrlye ſhepheards han we none,
they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
loſt for lacke of telling,
Now ſicker I ſee, thou doeſt but clatter:
harme may come of melling.
Thou medleſt more, then ſhall haue thanke,
to wyten ſhepheards welth:
When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
it is a ſigne of helth.
But ſay me, what is *Algrin* he,
that is ſo oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a ſhepheard great in gree,
but hath bene long ypent.
One daye he ſat vpon a hyll,
(as now thou wouldeſt me:
But I am taught by *Algrins* ill.
to loue the lowe degree.)
For ſitting ſo with bared ſcalpe,
An Eagle ſored hye,
That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
a ſhell fiſh downe let flye:
She weend the ſhell fiſhe to haue broake,
but therewith bruzd his brayne,
So now aſtonied with the ſtroke,
he lyes in lingring payne.

Morrell.

Ah good *Algrin*, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Now farwell shepheard, sith thys hyll
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo fœlicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard] By Gotes in scrypture be represented the wicked and reprobate, vvhose pastour also must needes be such.

Banck) is the seate of honor. Straying heard] which wander out of the waye of truth.

Als] for also. Clymbe] spoken of Ambition. Great clymbers] according to Seneneca his verse, Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus. Mickle] much.

The sonne] A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scortching sunne, according to the time of the yeare, vvhiche is the vvhotest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe] Be tvvo signes in the Firmament, through vvhich the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion] Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion vvith one Dogge. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Iuly the sonne is in Leo At vvhich tyme the Dogge starre, vvhich is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, vvith immoderate heate causing Pestilence, drougth, and many diseases.

Ouerture] an open place. The vvord is borrovved of the French, & vsed in good writers

To holden chatt) to talke and prate.

A loorde] vvas vvont among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, vvere called for more dread and dignitie, Lurdanes. s. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation vvas so outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and savve the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muste retorne back, till the Dane vvere cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which vvas no lesse, then present death. But being aftervvarde expelled that name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck) counts much of thy paynes. VVecteleſſe] not vnderstoode.

S. Michels

S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the VVest part of England.

A hill) Parnassus afforesayd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen

VVhere Titan) the Sonne. VVhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, vvhich tovvard morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan:

The Shepheard] is Endymion, vvhom the Poets fayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phœbe. s. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.

There) that is in Paradise, vvhere through errour of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys of spring be debarred & shutte out from thence.

Synah) a hill in Arabia, vvhere God appeared.

Our Ladyes bovvre) a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes or Syluanes] be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the VVoode.

Medway] the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; whom he calleth his elder brother, borh because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt] mingled. Melampode and Terebinth] be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.

τερμινθυ τράγων ἔσχατον ἀκρέμονα.

Nigher heauen] Note the shepheards simplenesse, vvhich supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.

Leuin] Lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell] A losell. A borrell.] a playne fellowe. Narre] nearer.

Hale] for hole. Yede] goe. Frovvye] mustye or mossie.

Of yore] long agoe. Forevvente] gone afore.

The firste shepheard] vvas Abell the righteous, vvho (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe] hys charge s. his flocke. Lovvted] did honour and reuerence.

The brethren] the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvhych vvere shepemaisters, and lyued one lye thereupon.

VVhom Ida] Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, vvhich being vvith child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll Ida; vvhere being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time be came a shepheard, and lastly came to knovvledge of his parentage.

Alasse] Helena the vvyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon vvith a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye. which vvas the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the moste famous citye

of

of all Asia most lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus] was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Covv Io: So called because that in the print of a Covves foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shepheard sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembraunce and skill in antiquities of holy vvrit should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple] Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalles, vvhich vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting.

Belts) Girdles.

Glitterand) Glittering, a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore

Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, vvhom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode) A shephearde, of vvhose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

VVisards) greate learned heads. VVelter) wallovve. Kerne) a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men) such kinde of men. Surly) stately and provvde Melling) medling.

Bett) better. Bynempte) named. Gree) for degree.

Algrin the name of a shepheard afforesayde, vvhose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet Æschylus, that vvas brayned with a shellfishe.

Embleme.

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in hys former speach by sondrye reasons he had proued. for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lovvly state, as that wherein is safetie vvithout feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middest, being enuironed vvith tvvo contrary vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth vvith continuaunce of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dvvelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dvvelleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, vvhich once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitye out of a great doctour, Suorum Christus humillimus: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again vvith lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. Suorum deus allissimus.

Ægloga octaua.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Æglogue is setforth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neat heards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth was Authour.

VVillye. Perigot. Cuddie.

TEll me *Perigot*, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?

Perigot.

Ah *Willye*, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well apayd?

VVillye.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the iolly shepeheards gladde
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

Perigot.

Ah *Willye* now I haue learnd a newe daunce:
My old muſick mard by a newe miſchaunce.

VVillye.

Miſchiefe mought to that newe miſchaunce befall,
That ſo hath raft vs of our meriment.
But reede me, what payne doth thee ſo appall?
Or loueſt thou, or bene thy younglings miſwent?

Perigot.

Loue hath miſſed both my younglings, and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to ſee.

VVillye.

Perdie and wellawaye: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knewe I louers ſheepe in good plight.
But and if in rymes with me thou dare ſtriue,
Such fond fantſies ſhall ſoone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That ſhall I doe, though mochell woꝛſe I fared:
Neuer ſhall be ſayde that *Perigot* was dared.

VVillye.

Then loe *Perigot* the Pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchaſed many a fayre ſight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them ſpred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yuie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But ſee, how faſt renneth the ſhepheard ſwayne,
To ſaue the innocent from the beaſtes pawes:
And here with his ſhepehooke hath him ſlayne.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou euer ſene?
Well mought it beſeme any harueſt Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne yonder ſpotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis like another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe.
But *Colin Clout* raſte me of his brother,

That

That he purchaſt of me in the playne field:
Sore againſt my will was I forſt to yield.

VVillye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
But who ſhall iudge the wager wonne or loſt?

Perigot.

That ſhall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pouſſe hetherward doth poſt.

VVillye.

But for the Sunnebeame ſo ſore doth vs beate,
Were not better, to ſhunne the ſcorching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed *Willy*: then ſitte thee downe ſwayne:
Sike a ſong neuer heardeſt thou, but *Colin* ſing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyſt, ye iolly ſhepheards twayne:
Sike a iudge, as *Cuddie*, were for a king.

Perigot. IT fell vpon a holly eue,
Willye. hey ho hollidaye,
Per. When holly fathers wont to ſhrieue:
Wil. now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting vpon a hill ſo hye,
Wil. hey ho the high hyll,
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
Wil. the while the ſhepheard ſelfe did ſpill:
Per. I ſaw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. hey ho Bonibell,
Per. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Wil. ſhe can trippe it very well:
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. hey ho gray is greete,
Per. And in a Kirtle of greene ſaye,
Wil. the greene is for maydens meete:
Per. A chapelet on her head ſhe woꝛe,
Wil. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of ſweete Violets therein was ſtoꝛe,
Wil. ſhe ſweeter then the Violet.

My

Per. My sheepe did leaue theyr wonted foode,
Wil. hey ho leely sheepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil. Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She roude at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the chrystall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
Wil. so loue into my hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer rape
Wil. hey ho the Moonelight,
Per. Upon the glyttering waue doth plape:
Wil. such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone weren wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it ranckleth ay more and more,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my sore:
Wil. loue is a careleſſe sorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.

But

Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. Or thriue in welth, she shalbe mine.
Wil. but if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for graceleſſe greefe I dye,
Wil. hey ho graceleſſe griefe,
Per. Witneſſe, shee slewe me with her eye:
Wil. let thy follye be the prieſe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For prieſe thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil. and mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,
Wil. hey ho holidaye,
Per. That euer since my hart did greue,
Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddye,

Sicker like a roundle neuer heard I none.
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the beſt.
And *Willye* is not greatly ouergone,
So weren his vnderſongs well addreſt.

VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
Areede vprightly, who has the victorye?

Cuddie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
For thy let the Lambe be *Willye* his owne:
And for *Perigot* so well hath hym payned,
To hym be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleaſed with the doome:
Ne can *Willye* wite the witeleſſe herdgroome.

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,
The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels freſh, to heare a doolefull verſe

I. Of

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Willy.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In *Colins* stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.

YE wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye careless byrds are pryuie to my crye,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast lulled me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did oft augment.
Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull crye,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my sorrowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with crye,
When I them see so waist, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly crye

Most

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my crye
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
I vowed haue to wast, till safe and sound
She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my chereless crye.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her woe:
And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
Of these my nightly crye | ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O *Colin, Colin*, the shepheards ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse:
And *Cuddie*, fresh *Cuddie* the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at home:
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
Raste) bereft, depriued.
Peregall) equall.
Misyvent) gon a straye.
VVhilome) once.
Ill may) according to

to Virgile. In felix o ſemper ouis pecus.

A mazed) So alſo do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their ſtriſe.

Enchaſed) engrauen. Such pretie deſcriptions euery vvhere vſeth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which ſpeciall cauſe indede he by that name termeth his Æglogues: for Idyllion in Greke ſignifieth the ſhape or picture of any thyng, vvherof his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard ſome fondly gueſſe, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed) vvrought betvvene.

Harueſt Queene) The manner of country folke in harueſt tyme. Pouſſe.) Peaſe.

It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys ſong in prayſe of his loue, to vvhō VVilly anſvvereth euery vnder verſe. By Perigot vvho is meant, I can not vprightly ſay: but if it be, vvho is ſuppoſed, his love deſerueth no leſſe prayſe, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. Chaplet) a kind of Garlond lyke a crovvne.

Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) vvas ſayd to be the Moone. Gryde) perced.

But if) not vnleſſe. Squint eye) partiall iudgement. Ech haue) ſo ſaith Virgile. Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaſeth both partes.

Doome) iudgement. Dempt) for deemed, iudged. VVite the vviteleſſe) blame the blameleſſe. The ſhepherd of Ida) vvas ſayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged the goldden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeſie claming the cõqueſt, & VVillye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cauſe, and Patron of his own, ſemeth to chalenge it, as his devv, ſaying, that he, is happy vvhich can, ſo abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can vvin the beſte, or moderate himſelfe being beſt, and leaue of vvith the beſt.

Ægloga Nona.

ARGVMENT.

HErein Diggon Dauie is deuiſed to be a ſhepheard, that in hope of more gayne, drone his ſheepe into a farre countrye. The abuſes whereof, and looſe liuing of Popiſh prelates, by occaſion of Hobbinols demand, be diſcourſeth at large.

Hobbinol. Diggon Dauie.

Iggon Dauie, I bidde her god day:
Or Diggon her is, or I miſſaye.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was daye light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly paſt,
And now at earſt the dirke night doth haſt.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee ſo dight?
Neuer I wiſt thee in ſo poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred? or at miſchiefe deade?

Diggon

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old grieke:
Sike question ripeth vp cause of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnfolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart.
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is faln, the cloudes wexen cleare.
And nowe sithence I sawe thy head last,
Thrise three Moones bene fully spent and past:
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me first of thy flocks astate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene wasted, (wae is me therefore)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe nor iollye, nor shepehearde more.
In forrein costes, men sayd, was plentye:
And so there is, but all of miserye.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In tho countryes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for those, that truely mene,
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
No such countrye, as there to remaine.
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name.
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will carue the shepheards throte.
The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And beaten the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any more:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustring blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lorne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in haude,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Driuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll,

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht
With vayne delyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:

I thought the ſayle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I wote, it is nothing ſich.
For eyther the ſhepheards bene pole and ſtill,
And leede of theyr ſheepe, what way they wyll:
Or they bene falſe, and full of couetiſe,
And caſten to compaſſe many wrong empriſe.
But the more bene fraight with fraud and ſpight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they ſette all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken agayne to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They ſaye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my ſoule I dare vnderſaye,
They neuer ſette foote in that ſame troade,
But balk the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the deuill at commaund:
But alke hem therefore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great *Pan* bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of ſorrowe.
But they han ſold thilk ſame long agoe:
For thy woulden drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, ſo let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee ſpeake not ſo dirke.
Such myſter ſaying me ſeemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to ſpeake of ſhepheards moſt what,
Badde is the beſt (this engliſh is flatt.)
Their ill hauiour garres men miſſay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.
They ſayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her ſhepheards bene beaſtly and blont.
Other ſayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden ſhame of theyr cote.
Some ſticke not to ſay, (whote cole on her tongue)

That like miſchiefe graſeth hem emong,
All for they caſten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:
For ſuch encheaſon, If you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you ſhall eſpye:
The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the ſtal,
Is nowe faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in theyr ſteads,
Ylike as a Monſter of many heads.
But they that ſhooten neereſt the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
For bigge Bulles *of Baſan* brace hem about,
That with theyr hornes butten the more ſtoute:
But the leane ſoules treaden vnder foote.
And to ſeeke redreſſe mought little boote:
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to reſtore.
For they bene like foule wagmoires ouergraſt,
That if thy galage once ſticketh faſt,
The more to wind it out thou doeſt ſwinck,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper ſinck.
Yet better leaue of with a little loſſe,
Then by much wreſtling to leeſe the groſſe.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt to plaine:
Better it were, a little to feyne,
And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.
Such il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured
But of like paſtoures howe done the flocks creepe?

Diggon.

Like as the ſhepheards, like bene her ſheepe,
For they nill liſten to the ſhepheards voyce,
But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
They wander at wil, and ſtray at pleaſure,
And to theyr folds yeeld at their owne leaſure.
But they had be better come at their cal:
For many han into miſchiefe fall,

And bene of rauenous Wolues ypent,
All for they would be burome and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chrisendome:
But the fewer Woolues (the soth to sayne,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely prolling two and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinol.

Or priue or pert yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne.

Diggon.

Indeede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in thorr furre.
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face.
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
The bene so graue and full of mayntenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe?

Hobbinol.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it bight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Diggon

Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard mought I well marke:
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurre,
That waketh, and if but a leafe sturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
And euer at night wont to repayre
Vnto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
Yclad in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call.)
As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe.
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye.
This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell waft:
With that to the wood would he speede him faft.
Long time he vsed this slippery pranck,
Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck
At end the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at euen he came to the flocke,
Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
And let out the sheepes blood at his throte.

Diggon.

Marry Diggon, what should him affraye,
To take his owne where euer it laye?
For had his weland bene a little widder,
He would haue deuoured both hidder & shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse:

For it was a perilous beast aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the doze,
And ranne out, as he was wont of poze.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Roffy renne to the steuen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoyr belliue.
If slike bene Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shepheard sirtes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
We bene of flesh, men as other bee.
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile.
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The hapelesse mischief, that has thee hent,
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaile.
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can: I wil thee comfort:
There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,
Till fayzer Fortune shewe forth his head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.
Diggon on fewe such freends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrase of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, who being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraine countryes, and there seene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, whereof commeth beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. i. to saye his prayers.
Wightly) quicklye, or sodenlye. Chaffred) solde. Dead at mischiefe) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.
Leefe) deare. Ethe) easie. These thre moones) nine monethes. Measured) for traueled.
Wae) woe Northernly. Eeked) encreased. Caruen) cutte. Kenne) knowe.
Cragge) neck. State) stoutely Stanck) wearie or fainte.
And nowe) He applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, which is in thend of harueft, which they call the fall of the leafe: at which tyme the Westerne wynde beareth most swaye.
A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis. Lorne) lefte Soote) swete.
Uncouthe) vnknowen. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane. Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncopen. Contek) strife.
Trode) path. Marrie that) that is, their soules, which by popish Exorcismes & practises they damme to hell.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Miſter) maner. Mirke) obſcure. VVarre) vvorſe.
Crumenall) purſe. Brace compaſſe. Encheſon) occaſion. Ouergraſt) ouergrovvē vvith graſſe. Galage) ſhoe. The groſſe) the whole.
Buxome and bent) meeke and obedient.
Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde, vvhich king cauſed all the VVolues, vvhereof then vvas ſtore in thys countrye, by a proper policie to be deſtroyed. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue bē VVolues here founde, vnleſſe they were brought from other countryes. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying there be VVolues in England.
Nor in Chriſtendome) This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable: but indede it vvas vvont to be an olde prouerbe and comen phraſe. The original vvhereof vvas, for that moſt part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvas chriſtened, Kent onely except, vvhich remayned long after in myſbeliefe and vnchriſtened, So that Kent vvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.
Great hunt) Executing of lavves and iuſtice. Enaunter) leaſt that.
Inly) invvardly. afforeſayde. Preuely or pert) openly ſayth Chaucer.
Roffy) The name of a ſhepehearde in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge, vvhome he here commendeth for greate care and vviſe gouernance of his flock
Colin cloute) Novve I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Authour ſelfe. vvhoſe eſpeciall good freend Hobbinoll ſayth he is, or more rightly Mayſter Gabriel Haruey: of vvhoſe ſpeciall commendation, aſvvell in Poetrye as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, vve haue lately had a ſufficient tryall in diuerſe his vvorkes, but ſpecially in his Muſarum Lachrymæ, and his late Gratulationū Valdinen ſium vvhich boke in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex, he dedicated in vvriting to her Maieſtie. aftervvard preſenting the ſame in print vnto her Highneſſe at the vvorſhipfull Maiſter Capells in Hertfordſhire. Beſide other his ſundrye moſt rare and very notable vvritings, partely vnder vnknown Tytles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as hys Tyrannomaſtix, his Ode Natalitia, his Rameidos, and eſpecially that parte of Philomuſus, his diuine Anticoſmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As alſo by the names of other ſhepheardes, he couereth the perſons of diuers other his familiar freendes and beſt acquayntaunce.
This tale of Roffy ſeemeth to coloure ſome particular Action of his. But vvhat, I certeinlye knovv not. VVonned) haunted. VVelkin) ſkie. afforeſaid.
A VVeanell vvaſte) a vveaned youngling. Hidder and ſhidder) He & ſhe. Male and Female. Steuen) Noyſe. Beliue) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouids verſe tranſlated. Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non eſt.
Forehaile) dravve or diſtreſſe. Vetchie) of Peaſe ſtravve.

Embleme.

This is the ſaying of Narciſſus in Ouid. For vvhen the fooliſhe boye by beholding hys face in the brooke, fell in loue vvith his ovvne likeneſſe: and not hable to contēt him ſelfe vvith much lookng thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him poore. meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſence. But our Diggon vſeth it to other purpoſe, as vvho that by tryall of many vvayes had founde the vvorſt,

vvorſt, and through greate plentye vvas fallen into great penurie. This poeſie I knovve, to haue bene much vſed of the author, and to ſuche like effecte, as fyrſte Narciſſus ſpake it.

October.

Ægloga decima.

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddie is ſet out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche finding no maintenaunce of his ſtate and ſtudies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the cauſes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amōgſt the moſt barbarous alwayes of ſingular accounpt & honor, & being indede ſo worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly inſtinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine ἐνθουσιασμὸν and celeſtiall inſpiration, as the Author hereof els where at large diſcourſeth, in his booke called the Engliſh Poete, which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde alſo by Gods grace vpon further aduiſement to publiſh.

Pierce. Cuddie.

CVddie, for ſhame hold vp thy heaupe head,
And let vs caſt with what delight to chace:

And weary thys long lingring *Phœbus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

Cuddye.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Pires.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull bowre withouten leaue:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Sike

Sike prayse is smoke, that shendeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowne,
Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne.
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbrused weren dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduaunce the worthy whome shee loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring.
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sownde.

Cuddye.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
Through his *Mecœnas* left his Daten reede,
Whereon he erst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecœnas* is yclad in clay,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For euer, who in derring doe were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye.
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then the place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne hest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For *Colin* fittes such famous flight to scanne:
Hee, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Pires

Ah fon, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes.
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
Unwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
Let powre in lauish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phœbus* wise.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Yuie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy, content vs in thys humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Pires.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo &c.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, vvherein hee reproued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyse. And the lyke also is in Mantuane, The style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall vvitte.

Cuddie] I doubte vvhether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in

in the eyght Æglogue the ſame perſon was brought in,ſinging a Cantion of Co lins making,as he ſayth.So that ſome doubt,that the perſons be different.

VVhilome) ſometime. Oaten reedes) Auena.

Ligge ſo layde) lye ſo ſayne and vnluſtye. Dapper) pretye.

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the ſpawning fiſhes.for the multitude of young fiſh be called the frye.

To reſtraine.) This place ſeemeth to conſpyre vvith Plato,who in his firſt booke de Legibus ſayth,that the firſt inuention of Poetry vvas of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vſually came to theyr great ſolemne feaſtes called Panegyrica, vvhich they vſed euery fiue yeere to hold,ſome learned man being more hable thē the reſt,for ſpeciall gyftes of wytte and Muſicke, vvould take vpon him to ſing fine verſes to the people, in prayſe eythet of vertue or of victory or of immortality or ſuch like. At whoſe wonderful gyft al men being aſtonied and as it vvere rauiſhed,vvith delight,thinking(as it was indeed) that he vvas inſpired from aboue,called him vatem:vvhich kinde of men aftervvarde framing their verſes to lighter muſick (as of muſick be many kinds,ſome ſadder,ſome lighter,ſome martiall,ſome heroical: and ſo diuerſely eke affect the mynds of mē)found out lighter matter of Poeſie alſo,ſome playing vvyth loue, ſome ſcorning at mens faſhions, ſome povvred out in pleaſures, and ſo vvere called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereaue) vvhat the ſecrete vvorking of Muſick is in the myndes of men, aſvvell appeareth hereby,that ſome of the auncient Philoſophers, and thoſe the moſte vviſe, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion,that the mynd vvas made of a certaine harmonie and muſicall nombers,for the great compaſſion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as alſo by that memorable hiſtory of Alexander:to vvhom vvhen as Timotheus the great Muſitian playd the Phrygian melodie,it is ſaid,that he vvas diſtraught vvith ſuch vnvvonted fury,that ſtreight vvay ryſing from the table in great rage,he cauſed himſelfe to be armed,as ready to goe to vvarre (for that muſick is very vvar like:) And immediatly whenas the Muſitian chaunged his ſtroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvas ſo furr from warring,that he ſat as ſtyl,as if he had bene in mattes of counſell.Such might is in muſick.vvherefore Plato and Ariſtotle forbid the Aradian Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogither on the fyft and vij, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage,vvhich vſeth to burne in yong breſts.So that it is not incredible which the Poete here ſayth, that Muſick can bereaue the ſoule of ſence.

The ſhepheard that) Orpheus:of whom is ſayd, that by his excellent ſkil in Muſick and Poetry,he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before ſaid,that Iuno to him committed hir huſband Iupiter his Paragon Iô,bicauſe he had an hundred eyes:but afterwarde Mercury vvyth hys Muſick lulling Argus aſlepe, ſlevv him and brought Iô away, vvhoſe eyes it is ſayd that Inno for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle. for thoſe coloured ſpots indeede reſemble eyes.

VVoundleſſe armour) vnvvounded in warre,doe ruſt through long peace.

Diſplay) A poeticall metaphore:vvhereof the meaning is,that if the Poet liſt ſhovve his ſkill

ſkill in matter of more dignitie,then is the homely Æglogue, good occaſion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument,in the perſon of our moſt gratious ſoueraign,vvhō(as before)he calleth Eliſa.Or if mater of knighthoode and cheualrie pleaſe him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men,that are both vvorthy of his payne in theyr deſerued prayſes, and alſo ſauourers of hys ſkil and faculty.

The vvorthy) he meaneth (as I gueſſe) the moſt honorable and renowmed the Erle of Leyceſter,vvhō by his cogniſance (although the ſame be alſo proper to other) rather then by his name he bevvrayeth,being not likely,that the names of noble princes be knovvn to country clovvne.

Slack) that is vvhen thou chaungeſt thy verſe from ſtately diſcourſe, to matter of moro pleaſaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce. Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romiſh Tityrus) vvel knowē to be Virgile,vvho by Mecænas means vvas brought into the ſauour of the Emperor Auguſtus,and by him moued to vvrite in another kinde,then he erſt had doen.

VVhereon) in theſe three verſes are the three ſeuerall vvorkes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede,is meant his Æglogues.In labouring of lands,is hys Bucoliques.In ſinging of vvars and deadly dreade,is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhoode and cheualrie.

For euer) He ſhevveth the cauſe,vvhy Poetes vvere wont be had in ſuch honor of noble men;that is,that by them their vvorthines & valor ſhold through theyr famous Poſies be cōmended to al poſterities. vvherfore it is ſayd, that Achilles had neuer bene ſo famous,as he is,but for Homeres immortal verſes.vvhich is the only aduantage,vvhich he had of Hector.And alſo that Alexander the great cōming to his tombe in Sigeus, vvith naturall teares bleſſed him,that euer vvas his hap to be honoured vvith ſo excellent a Poets work:as ſo renowmed and ennobled onely by hys meanes. vvhich being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of Tullies,is of Petrarch no leſſe worthely ſette forth in a ſonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famoſa tomba
Del fero Achille ſoſpirando diſſe
O fortunato che ſi chiara tromba. Trouaſti &c.

And that ſuch account hath bene alvvayes made of Poetes,aſvvell ſhevveth this that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvarres againſt Carthage and Numantia had euermore in his company, and that in a moſt familiar ſort the good olde Poet Ennius:as alſo that Alexander deſtroying Thebes,vvhen he vvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvas borne in that citie,not onely commaunded ſtreightly,that no man ſhould vpon payne of death do any violence to that houſe by fire or othervviſe:but alſo ſpecially ſpared moſt,and ſome highly rewarded,that vvere of hys kinne.So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. vvhych prayſe otherwiſe vvas in the ſame man no leſſe famous, that vvhen he came to ranſacking of king Darius coffers,vvhom he lately had ouerthrowen,he founde in a little coffer of ſiluer the two bookes of Homers vvorks,as layd vp there for ſpeciall ievvells and richeſſe,vvhich he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his boſome,and thother euery night layde vnder his pillovve.

Such honor haue Poetes alvvayes found in the ſight of princes and noble men, vvhich this author here very well ſheweth,as els vvhere more notably.

But after) he ſheweth the cauſe of contempt of Poetry to be idleneſſe and baſeneſſe of mynd. Pent) ſhut vp in ſlouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall Sacraſmus,ſpoken in deriſion of theſe rude vvits,vvhych make more account of a tyming rybaud, then of ſkill grounded vpon learning and iudgment.

Ne breſt)the meaner ſort of men. Her peeced pineons)vnperfect ſkil.Spoken vvyth humble modeſtie.

As ſoote as Svvanne) The compariſon ſeemeth to be ſtrange:for the ſvvanne hath euer vvonne ſmall commendation for her ſvvete ſinging:but it is ſayd of the learned that the ſvvan a little before hir death,ſingeth moſt pleaſantly, as prophecying by a ſecrete inſtinct her neere deſtinie As vvel ſayth the Poete elſvvhere in one of his ſonetts.

The ſiluer ſvvanne doth ſing before her dying day
As ſhee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty,vvhich is an excellent obiect of Poeticall ſpirites,as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrachs ſaying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A la ſua ombra,et creſcer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue corage) a baſe and abiect minde.

For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, aſwel in our Engliſh tongue,as it hath bene alvvayes in the Latine, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes ſaying.vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poſcit.

Lauiſh cups) Reſembleth that comen verſe Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum.

O iſmy) He ſeemeth here to be rauiſhed with a Poetical furie.For (if one rightly mark) the numbers riſe ſo ful,& the verſe groweth ſo big,that it ſeemeth he hath forgot the meaneneſſe of ſhepheards ſtate and ſtile.

VVild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is ſayd that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke prieſtes) vſed in theyr ſacrifice to carry Thyrſos, which were pointed ſtaues or Iauelins,vvrapped about with yuie.

In buſkin) it vvas the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to were buſkins, as alſo in Comedies to vſe ſtockes & light ſhoes. So that the buſkin in Poetry is vſed for tragical matter,as it ſaid in Virgile.Sola ſophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno. And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui,nitique cothurno.

Queint) ſtrange Bellona;the goddeſſe of battaile,that is Pallas,which may therefore wel be called queint for that(as Lucian ſaith) vvhen Iupiter hir father was in trauaile ofher,he cauſed his ſonne Vulcane with his axe to hevv his head.Out of which leaped forth luſtely a valiant damſell armed at all poyntes, vvhom ſeeing Vulcane ſo faire & comely,lightly leaping to her,proferred her ſome corteſie,which the Lady diſdeigning, ſhaked her ſpeare at him, and threatned his ſaucineſſe. Therefore ſuch ſtrauugeneſſe is vvell applyed to her.

Æquipage.) order. Tydes) ſeaſons.

Charme) temper and order. for Charmes vvere vvont to be made by verſes as Ouid ſayth. Aut ſi carminibus.

Embleme.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant,as alſo in the vvhole courſe of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine inſtinct and vnnatural rage paſſing the reache of comen reaſon.VVhom Piers anſwereth Epiphonematicós as admiring the excellencye of the ſkyll vvhereof in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye haddea taſte.

Nouember.

Ægloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this xi. Æglogue he beweyleth the death of ſome mayden of greate blood,whom he calleth Dido. The perſonage is ſecrete, and to me altogether vnknowne, albe of him ſelfe I often required the ſame. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his ſong, which he made vpon the death of Loys the frenche Queene,But farre paſſing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

Thenot. Colin.

COlin my deare,when ſhall it pleaſe thee ſing,
As thou were wont ſongs of ſome louſaunce?
Thy Muſe to long ſlombreth in ſorrowing,
Lulled a ſleepe through loues miſgouernaunce,

Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,
Emong the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor *Pan* to herye, nor with loue to playe:
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yerely tas-ke:
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his ynne in *Fishes* has-ke.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth as-ke:
And loatheth sike delightes, as thou doest prayse:
The morneful! Muse in myrth now list ne mas-ke,
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues sike Poetes prayse?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee:
And I vnfitte to thrust in s-kilfull thronge,
Should *Colin* make iudge of my fooleree.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindlye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene:

The

The fayrest May she was that euer went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.
And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene:
I shall thee giue yond Cosset for thy payne:
And if thy rymes as rownd and rufull bene,
As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee bynempt:
Then by I say, thou iolly shepeheard swayne,
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I conne, my conning I will straine.

VP then *Melpomene* thou mournefulst Muse of nyne,
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
Up grieslie ghostes and vp my rufull ryme,
Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido my deare alas is dead,
Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde:
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night,
O heauie herse.
Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke,
O carefull verse.

Why

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woes?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that *Colin* made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and pleasaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would cal hem often heme
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als *Colin clout* she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint:
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her corse embraue.
O heauie herse,
Worne nowe my Muse, now worne with teares bespring.
O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard *Lobbin*, how great is thy griefe,
Where bene the noselayes that she dight for thee:
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosemaree?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah they bene all pclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree.
O carefull verse.

Ay me that dreerie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforse.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch.
O heauie herse,
And *Philomele* her song with teares doth steepe.
O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Elder braunches seare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Morne now my Muse, now morne with heauie cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heauie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and syrie furies forse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vnbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happye herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes course,
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walke in *Elisian* fieldes so free.
O happy herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O ioyfull verse.

Vnwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knewe we fooles, what it vs bringes vntil,
Dye would we daply, once it to expert.
No daunger there the shepheard can astert:
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:
O happy herse,
Make hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drinckes she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,
Whyle here on earth she did abyde.
O happy herse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

Ay francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constrainte?
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thow it gotte.
Vp *Colin* vp, ynough thou morned hast,
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Iouisaunce) myrth. Souenaunce) remembraunce. Herie) honour.

VVelked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaine is sayde to vvelk.

In lovvly lay) according to the season of the moneth November, when the sonne dravveth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fishes hasке) the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all November. a hasке is a vvicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.

Virelaies) a light kind of song.

Bee vvatred) For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses vvell Castlias, vvhereof vvas before sufficiently sayd.

Dretiment) dreery and heauy cheere.

The great shepheard) is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God Pan. The person both of the shepheарde and of Dido is vnknovven and closely buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind, as some imagin: for he speakerh soone after of her also.

Shene) fayre and shining. May) for mayde. Tene) sorrow.

Guerdon) reward. Bynempt) bequethed. Cosset) a lambe brought vp without the dam. Vnkempt) Incõpti Not comed, that is rude & vnhansome.

Melpomene) The sadde and waylefull Muse vsed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as saith Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.

Vp griesly gosts) The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest. Herse) is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.

VVast of) decay of so beautifull a peece. Carke) care.

Ah vvhy) an elegant Epanorthosis. as also soone after. nay time was long ago.

Flouret) a dimumtine for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious comparison A minore ad maius.

Reliuen not) liue not againe. I. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enioy their due reward.

The braunch) He meaneth Dido, vvho being, as it vvere the mayne braunch now vvithered the budde s that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.

VVith cakes) fit for shepheards bankets. Heame) for home. after the northerne pronou ncing. Tuist) deyed or stayned.

The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which vvere the ornaments of her lyfe, are made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burialls.

Lobbin) the name of a shepherd, vvhich seemeth to haue bene the louer & deere frende of Dido. Rushrings) agreeable for such base gystes

Faded lockes) dryed leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourse) spring. Mantled medowes) for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.

Philomele) the Nightingale, vvhome the Poetes faine once to haue bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being rauished by hir sisters husbande, she desired to be turned into a byrd of her name. vvhose complaintes be very vvell set forth of Ma. George Gaskin a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late rymers, vvho and if some partes of learniug wanted not (albee it is vvell knovven he altogyther vvanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of vvit and naturall promptneffe appeare in hym aboundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. and properly the of all sorow and heauinesse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropodas, ughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they dravve out in length, till his fatal hovvre & timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to haue cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atrhpos occat.

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized vvith great vvisedom and passionate wyth great affection. Beare) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three, Persephone Alecto and Megera, vvhich are sayd to be the Authours of all euill and mischiefe.

Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of hell. Betight) happened,

I see) A liuely Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elyian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would) The very epresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Astert] befall vnvvares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vvhite like Creme, vvhereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour. Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

VVhich is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vvith a timely harueſt, vve must be gathered in time, or els of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert) For though the trespasse of the first man brought death in to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being ouercome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is novv made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth vvell vvith that vvas sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasinge starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable harueste wherein the fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

THe gentle shepheard satte beside a spринge,
All in the shadowe of a bushye bиere,
That *Colin* highte, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of *Tityrus* his songs did lere.
There as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne *Pan* thou God of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwary sheepe:
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward:

I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties tund to shepheards Oaten reede,
Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flowrd my ioyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
I went the waskefull woodes and forest wyde,
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene espyed.

I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game:
And toyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, til shee were tame.
What reaked I of wintrye ages waste,
Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Rauen of her neste:
Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my birth,
Or I tomuch beleeued my shepherd peres)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.

A good olde shepheарde, *Wrenock* was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swayne, what euer feede in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I needé not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphes did follow *Pan*,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird vp that vnkindly heate,
that reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
Whilom I had to choose my wandring waye:
But whether luck and loues vnbridled lore
Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:
The grieslie Todestoole growne there mought I se
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds lulde me a sleepe,
The ghastlie Owle her grieuous plaine doth keepe.

Then as the spring giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde:
Also my age now passed youngthly pryme,
To things of ryper reason selfe applyed.
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Bal-kets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?
I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
How *Phœbe* sayles, where *Venus* sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater things,
The sodain tyding of the raging seas:
The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
And which be wont to enrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse *Colin* cloute,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weede:
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does riselye bleede.
Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wounde?
Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliue art founde?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harueste hastened all to rathe:
The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst:
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before.

And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harueſt waſt, my hope away dyd wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
Their rootes bene dryed vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Rolalind* this ſpighe
To ſpil the flowres, that ſhould her girlond dighe,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Vnto the ſhifting of the ſhepheards foote:
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And caſt hem out, as rotten and buſcote.
The loſer Laſſe I caſt to pleaſe nomore,
One if I pleaſe, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harueſt hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue threſht in ſwelling ſheaue,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe ſhould in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My ſpring is ſpent, my ſommer burnt vp quite:
My barueſte hasts to ſtirre vp winter ſterne,
And bids him clyme with rigorous rage hys right.
So nowe he ſtormes with many a ſturdy ſtoure,
So now his bluſtring blaſt eche coſte doth ſcoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head beſprent with hoary froſt I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleaſure paſt,
No ſonne now ſhines, cloudes han all ouercaſt.

Now leaue ye ſhepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muſe is hoarſe and weary of thys ſtounde:
Here

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
Was neuer pype of reede did better ſounde.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaſte,
And after Winter dreerie death does haſt.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me ſo liefe:
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delightes, that lulled me aſleepe,
Adieu my deare, whoſe loue I bought ſo deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued ſheepe,
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witneſſe were:
Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was ſo true,
Tell *Roſalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft ſayd.
Als of thcu) Semeth to expreſſe Virgils verſe
Deigne) vouchſafe.
Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.
Peres) fellowes and companions.
Muſick) that is Poetry as Terence ſayth Qui artem tractant muſicam, ſpeking of Poetes.
Deming doe) aforeſayd.
Lions houſe) He imagineth ſimply that Cupid, vvhich is loue, had his abode in the whote ſigne Leo, vvhich is in middeſt of ſomer; a pretie aellgory, vvhereof the meanning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of luſt.
Hiſtray) vvhich is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.
A Comete) a blaſing ſtarre, meant of beautie, which vvas the cauſe of his vvhote loue.
Venus) the goddeſſe of beauty or pleaſure. Alſo a ſigne in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alvvayes aſpect to Venus, vvas the cauſe of all his vnquietnes in loue.
Lambkins) young lambes.
Pan curat oues ouiumque magiſtros.
Eabinet) Colinet) dimi nutines.
(Where I was) a fine diſcription of the chaunge of hys lyfe and liking; for all things nowe ſeemed

seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the maner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesse they be sturred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhoode.

Cotes) sheepecotes. for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sale) or Salovv a kind of vvoodde like VVyllovv, fit to vvreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish vvithall.

Phæbe fayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, vvhich is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus) s. Venus starre othervvise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All vvhich still in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knovve as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seaes) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, vvhich they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) niuented by the Thuscanes, and frō them deriued to the Romanes, vvho (as is sayd in Liuie) vvere so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes) That vvonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as vvell appeareth by the common vvorking of them in our bodies, as also by the vvonderful enchauntments and sorceries that haue bene vvrought by them; insomuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned mē into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth Dea sæua potentibus herbis &c.

Kidst) knewest. Eare) of corne. Scathe) losse hinderaunce.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

This is my) The thyrde parte vvherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely harvest, that bringeth little fruite.

The flagraunt flovvres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, vvherein how our Poete is seene, be they vvitnesse vvhich are priuie to his study.

So now my yeere) The last part, vvherein is described his age by comparison of vvyntrye stormes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood. Glee mirth)

Hoary frost) A metaphore of hoary heares scattred lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

Adievv delights) is a conclusion of all. vvhere in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that vvas touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally, in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of sheepe, vvhich is the argument of all Æglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed frendship and good vvill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning wherof is that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned vvits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though ful indede of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight

weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath made a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. folowing the ensample of Horace and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus hys style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awhyle:
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.

Merce non mercede.

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